

# The Sketch

No. 982.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1911.

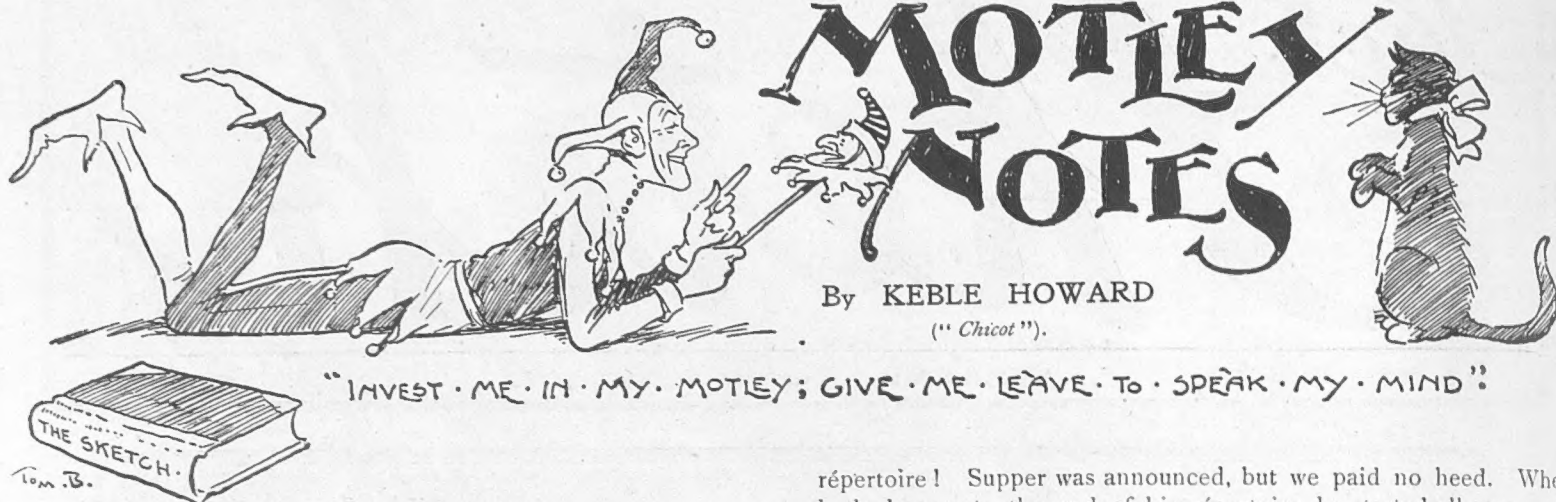
SIXPENCE.



IRON ENTERING THE UNIONISTS' SOUL: MR. BONAR LAW ARRIVING AT THE CARLTON CLUB FOR HIS ELECTION AS CONSERVATIVE LEADER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Bonar Law, the new and popular Leader of the Unionists in the House of Commons, may well be described as iron: was he not for years an iron-merchant, and is he not a politician of iron purpose? Equally, perhaps, the Carlton Club may be called the Unionists' soul, for it is the very epitome of Unionism. The new Leader is a business man of the best type. He was born in New Brunswick in 1858. At twelve he came to Glasgow, where he went to the High School, and afterwards entered the firm of Messrs. William Kidston and Sons, later becoming a partner in Messrs. William Jacks and Co. He entered Parliament in 1900 as member for a Glasgow Division, and two years later was made Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. In 1906 he was returned for Dulwich. At the last General Election he contested North-West Manchester, and was beaten after a close struggle. Last March he was elected to the seat which the late Colonel Sandys resigned at Bootle.

*Photograph by Topical.*



### The Annual Hardy Festival.

If it is unusual for a prophet to be honoured in his own country, it is still more unusual that he should be so honoured during his lifetime. All credit, then, to the good people of Dorchester, who, for the fourth year in succession, have dramatised and acted one of their great townsman's works.

I shall never forget the first of these now famous Hardy Festivals. I was reading a newspaper in my rooms in London when I came across the announcement of a performance of "The Trumpet Major," to be given in Dorchester that very evening. I was not quite sure how far Dorchester might be from London, but a great desire seized me to witness this production of "The Trumpet Major." Within ten minutes I was in the rooms of a young theatrical manager near by. With him I found an impetuous, enthusiastic young actor.

"They're doing 'The Trumpet Major' at Dorchester to-night," I said, breathless from climbing three flights of steep stairs. "Let's go!"

They thought not. They had other engagements. Dorchester was a long way off. The actor had no time to go home for his bag. The journey would be tedious. The weather was bitterly cold.

In less than half-an-hour we were all in the train. The hotels, doubtless, would be full, and the Corn Exchange sold out. What of all that? We were pilgrims to the shrine of the great Hardy!

### A Speech in the Bar-Parlour.

Having secured the last three seats in the room, our next care was to engage rooms. There are plenty of hotels in Dorchester. We tried one. The manager considered. Yes, he could just manage it. Had we come a moment later, he would have been compelled to turn us away. Indeed, we heard other people making vain offers of huge sums for beds.

We dined, and went to the Corn Exchange. I do not propose to give an account of the play, because all that has passed into literary history. The fateful thing for us was this: in the same row as ourselves I discovered a well-known raconteur and entertainer from London. He explained that he was on his way to Weymouth to give a "show" the following evening. Seeing the announcement of the play, he came on to Dorchester. Further, he begged us to sup with him at his hotel—which was not our hotel—after the play.

We accepted. Whilst the supper was in preparation, we went into the bar-parlour to offer our respects to the worthies. They were a very pleasant set of men, but quiet. I thought it opportune, therefore, to address them. I told them that they had in their midst one of the most distinguished entertainers in the world—one who had performed before all the Crowned Heads of Europe, and was only just back from Russia after a special visit to his Imperial Majesty the Tsar. I felt sure that, if asked, he would fling the flowers of his wit, humour, and characterisation at their feet.

### A Night of Nights.

Just at first the raconteur was shy. He remembered, perhaps, that he had been engaged to fling the flowers of his wit, humour, and characterisation at the feet of Weymouth the following night, and that Weymouth was not far from Dorchester. Presently, however, he began to yield.

The Dorchester men took to him. He was a success! They abandoned, apparently, all idea of home and duty. They called for item after item; they called for rounds of drinks; they hammered on the tables and stamped on the floors. Whether the landlord had an extension of license that night I know not, but nobody seemed to care. As for the distinguished raconteur, I have seldom seen a man so excited. He gave them every item in his

répertoire! Supper was announced, but we paid no heed. When he had come to the end of his repertoire, he started all over again and went through it in French!

We then had supper. We had no idea of the time. Here were we; there was the supper: what mattered the hour? We proceeded in a leisurely way with our meal, and afterwards sat back to smoke our cigars. The hotel grew strangely quiet. The street without had long since been given over to the silence of night. At last, with great reluctance, we decided to find our own hotel and go to bed. The porter let us out, and the great gates were fastened behind us. We had the sleeping town of Dorchester to ourselves. Even the players, flushed with triumph, were asleep.

### The Door That Would Not Yield.

A disappointment awaited us. So far, all had been well. We had laughed and feasted. We were in love with Dorchester, life, ourselves, and all our fellow-men. But a rude shock awaited us. When we had persuaded a very sleepy Swiss waiter—for whom we were profoundly sorry—to open the door of the hotel, he announced that our rooms were not in the hotel, but at the shop opposite. Our bags had been taken across. Good-night.

He closed and bolted the door. We were annoyed, but there was nothing for it but to awaken the good folk at the shop. We rang the bell. No answer. We rang again. No answer. We knocked. No answer. We knocked and rang. No answer. We threw pebbles at the windows. All was still as death. All Dorchester slept.

We returned to the hotel. The Swiss waiter was sleepier than ever, but compassionate. He said he would make a light in the dining-room, and we could sit there until the morning. This enraged us. We told him that we had definitely engaged rooms in the hotel. If those rooms had been given to others, they must be turned out. We desired to see the landlord. (It was about half-past three in the morning.) We would not spend the night sitting on chairs in the dining-room. In short, we demanded beds. Would the Swiss person kindly arouse the landlord and bring him down to us? Yes or no?

### A Strange Ending.

The Swiss person did it. The landlord came down in his pyjamas. He was an irascible man, I judged, at the best of times. Now he was white with passion. We all talked together for some time, but it availed nothing. There were no beds to be had except the beds that awaited us in the house opposite.

We returned to the attack on the door of the house opposite. Our method was this. We stood, all abreast, in the middle of the road. Then, on the word, we dashed forward and flung ourselves at the door. . . . They make good doors in Dorchester. It withstood all our efforts, and the owner of the door still slept like a child.

Abandoning that effort and our bags, we returned to the hotel in which we had supped. All was dark. The inmates slept. We tried to climb the iron gates, but the spikes at the top were too serious. There remained the railway-station and the police-station. Which?

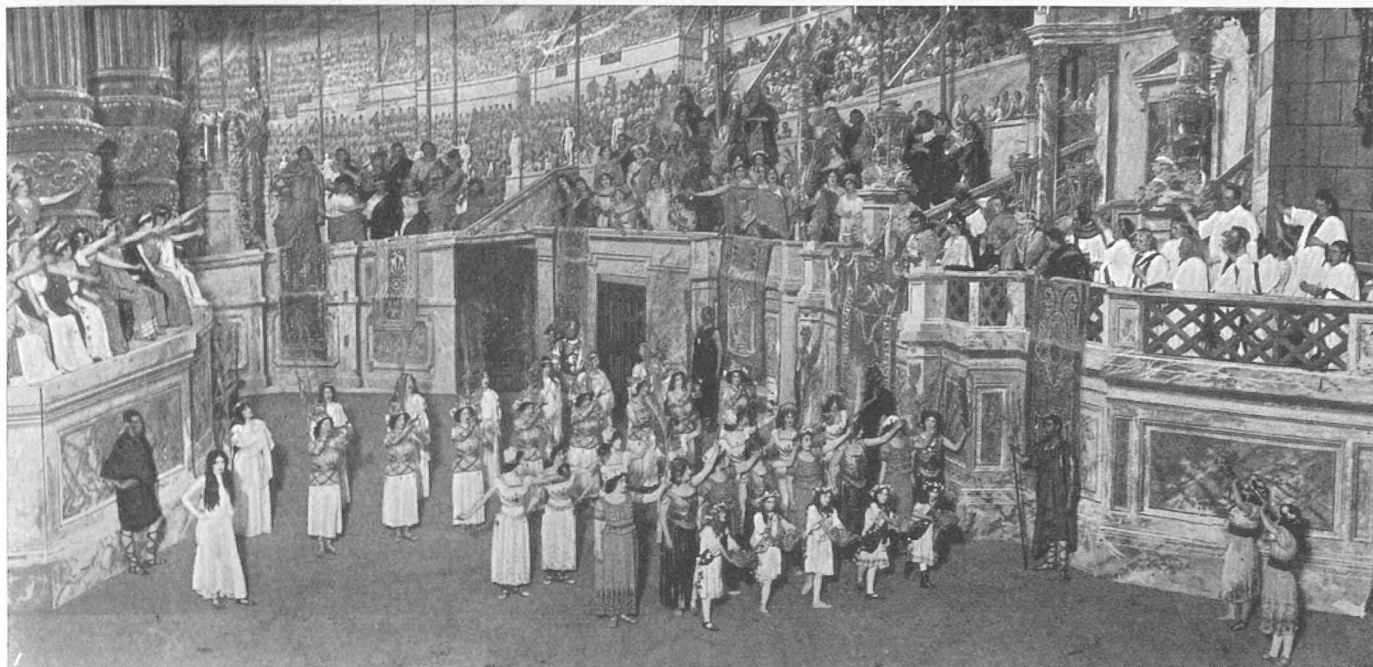
It was now that the theatrical manager remembered a small inn near the station. We resolved to try our luck. Scarcely had we touched the bell than a head was thrust from an upper window. We were asked, in tones of ultra-refinement, what we needed. Three beds, we said.

But certainly! Here were two rooms, and here three beds. Comfortable beds, well aired, with clean sheets. It was uncanny. We might have been expected. The hour did not matter; it was never mentioned.

By five we were sound asleep.



# MR. HAMMERSTEIN COMES TO TOWN: HIS FIRST PRODUCTION AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.



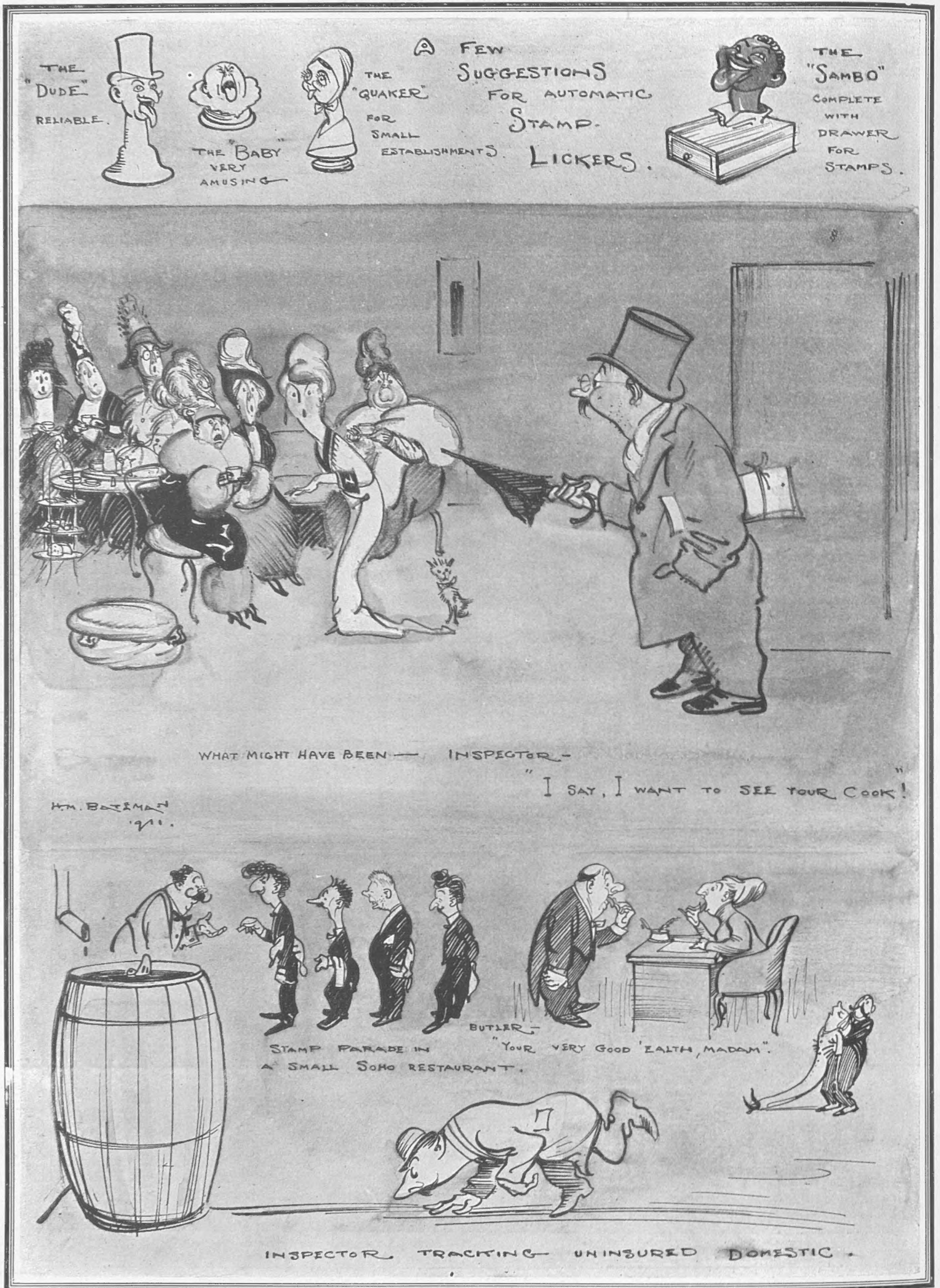
1. JEAN NOUGUÈS' OPERA, FOUNDED ON THE NOVEL BY SIENKIEWICZ:  
A SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS?" AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

2. MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S PRODUCTION OF "QUO VADIS?": THE  
RETURN OF ST. PETER TO ROME.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein opened his new London Opera House in Kingsway with "Quo Vadis?" thus presenting a work which has had great success in various parts of the world, and a spectacle of considerable moment. The opera, which is by Jean Nougès, and founded on the famous novel by Henry Sienkiewicz, was first seen at Nice two and a half years ago.



# THE STICK-STAMPS ACT: WHAT MAY BE AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



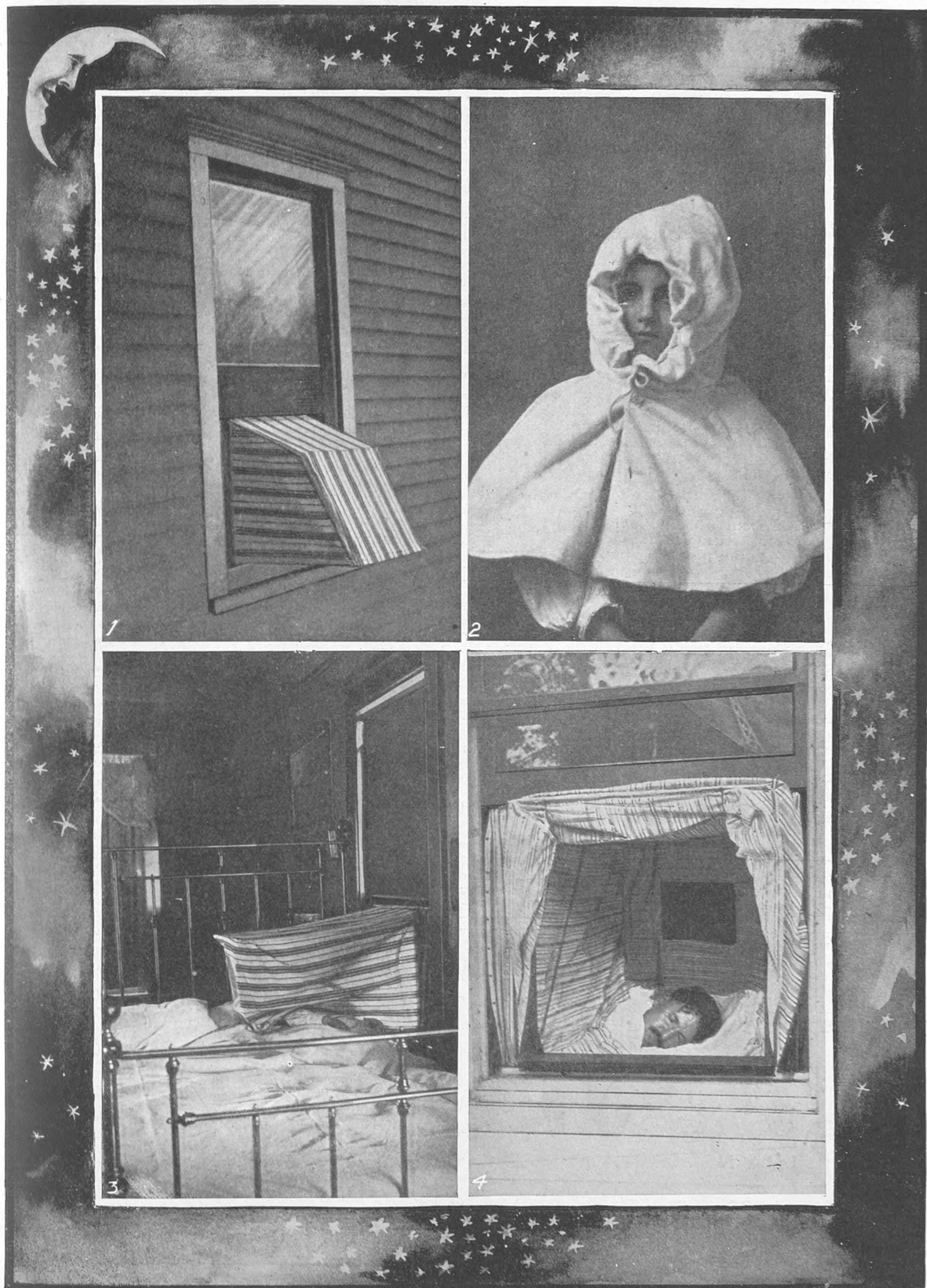
MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S IDEA FROM GERMANY: IN THE DAYS OF THE SERVANT TAX, AS IMAGINED BY OUR ARTIST.

We need scarcely tell our readers that that clause of the Insurance Bill which proposes that every servant shall be insured by means of special stamps, to be paid for half by the mistress and half by the servant, and stuck on a special card, has aroused an extraordinary amount of discussion. The idea, it may be noted, comes from Germany. Some results of the way in which the matter has inspired our Artist are here given. It will be seen that Mr. Bateman has not noticed the Chancellor's denial that it is intended that an inspector may enter a private dwelling-house to see whether the conditions of the Act are being complied with. Thus, he illustrates not only what may be, but what might have been.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## THE HEAD - OUT - OF - DOORS - BODY - INDOORS BED.



1. IN RAINY WEATHER, THE OUTER HOOD DOWN OVER THE SLEEPER'S HEAD, AIR ENTERING IT FROM BELOW.

3. THE "HEADLESS" SLEEPER: THE SCENE INSIDE THE ROOM WHEN THE HEAD IS IN THE AIR AND THE BODY INDOORS.

2. FOR USE IN BAD WEATHER: A HOOD FOR THE HEAD-IN-THE-OPEN-AIR SLEEPER.

4. THE "BODILESS" SLEEPER: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE WHEN THE HEAD IS IN THE AIR AND THE BODY INDOORS.

It will be remembered that in Frank Stockton's "Rudder Grange" the servant's room aboard the house-boat was so small that it was impossible to get a full-length bed into it, with the result that the maid slept with her head through a hole in the wall and resting on a shelf; that is to say, with her body in her bedroom and her head in the passage. We illustrate here a device which suggests this, but must be taken seriously. The fresh-air enthusiast, wishing to keep the body thoroughly warm and yet to sleep with the head in the open air, may follow this method. It will be seen that the apparatus is exceedingly simple. The bed must be so raised that the sleeper's head is on a level with the open window. The awning is for use in wet weather, protecting the sleeper and at the same time not excluding the air.

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**The King's Voyage.** By the time these lines find their way into print the *Medina*, with her Imperial passengers, should have passed over the stormy Mediterranean, and should be lying peacefully at Port Said, taking in enough coal to carry her to harbourage at Bombay. After leaving Port Said the royal rough-weather cabins, amidships on the *Medina*, are not likely to be occupied, for the Red Sea is rarely stormy at this time of the year, a little breeze blowing down it from Suez, and up from Aden, with a space of calm in between, and the Indian Ocean is as calm as a mill-pond, for the monsoon which ruffles the seas eastward of Singapore blows out its strength before it reaches the Himalayas. About Christmas time some showers fall over the greater portion of India, but till then every day is clear and sunny. The nights

begin to grow cold in November, though the days are still very hot.

#### Port Said.

The Port Said of today is a very different town from the Port Said with which I first made acquaintance in the late 'seventies. Now it differs very little from any other great port in the East. Then it had its special cachet as being the wickedest spot on earth. Directly a passenger steamer came into the port, whatever the hour might be of day or night, the town woke to vicious life; the violins and guitars in all the cafés began to squeak

#### Sporting Events at Delhi.

The Emperor and Empress are to see during their ten days at Delhi something of all forms of sport. The military tournament which has been organised can be classed amidst the pageantry of the great occasion, but the finals and semi-finals of the inter-regimental polo tournament will be a glimpse of the great Indian game at its best. The hill-men of Ladakh—who were, I believe, the inventors of the game, which at first was just a scuffle on slow, shaggy hill ponies—little dreamed of the perfection to which it would be brought. The final of the regimental football ties for the silver football which Sir Henry Durand presented to the Army when he was Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, is another event that our King and Queen will see, an event in which all India is deeply interested. There is also to be a race meeting, and the final tie of the hockey tournament. After the Durbar the King-Emperor leaves his Dominions for a few days to shoot tigers in Nepal, and during this period the Queen will also be outside the crimson lines on the map, for she is to visit some of the native States in Rajputana, the most picturesque portion of India.

#### Yuan Shi Kai.

Yuan Shi Kai, the man of the moment, entered Peking wearing his yellow riding-jacket (the colour of which indicates that the powers of life and death are in his hands), and followed by six executioners, as an indication to all and sundry that his edicts are not to be trifled with. It would be curious if out of the welter of massacre and unrest in China a limited monarchy on the lines of that of Great Britain were to emerge. Yuan Shi Kai is said to have no love for a Republic, and to be permanent Prime Minister is a greater position than to be President for a term of five years. That forty thousand pirates, or even a fraction of that number, should have gathered at Canton shows that the Chinese love of piracy is still as strong as ever. During the time that I was at Hong-Kong a score of pirates were beheaded one fine sunshiny morning on the beach at the native town just across the harbour, and any merchant-junk or British steamer going ashore outside the limits of British territory was, and is, almost invariably attacked by pig-tailed men of the sea who much prefer piracy to fishing.

#### Gordon at Khartoum.

When I wrote last week that the Italians might take comfort from the fact that the soldiers of every nation in turn are denounced as being murderers, I did not expect that my words would be so quickly confirmed as they have been by a passage in Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's book, "Gordon at Khartoum." Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt is the great traveller in the Orient who became in feeling more Arab than the Arabs themselves, who took part in the Egyptian national movement, who is a great breeder of Arab horses and is one of the very few men who ever brought an Arab stallion of pure blood out of Africa, and who, believing the Arabs to be the finest race in the world, and their religion to be the purest religion, might be excused for writing hot words on the spur of the moment when he heard of the death of the men he admired. That he should, for any reason, have allowed these hot words to be republished in a book twenty-seven years later is a very different matter.



TRACKED DOWN: A BLOOD-HOUND CATCHES HIS MAN DURING THE TRIALS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

and twang, the gaming places threw open their doors, and the donkey-boys with their string of steeds, the guides, and the sellers of all kinds of unspeakable merchandise flocked down to the water's edge. The officers of the ship always had a word or two of caution to give any youngsters going ashore for the first time, and two items of this customary warning were not to play roulette, for all the tables were so ingeniously contrived that the croupier could send the ball at will into red or black partitions, even or odd; and in returning to the ship to keep in parties of three or more, for not very long before a British officer who had incautiously shown that he carried a large sum of money had been assassinated after he left the gaming-rooms. There was only one chance of winning money at the Port Said tables in those days, and that was by backing for a small sum red when the black was being heavily backed, and vice-versa. There were always confederates ready to claim a stake put on a winning number.



BLOODHOUND - CARRYING: HANDLING ONE OF THE GREAT DOGS BY ITS VERY LOOSE SKIN.

This photograph illustrates in remarkable manner the elasticity of the bloodhound's skin. A dog may be lifted in this way and held for a considerable time without being caused inconvenience.

Photographs by M. Dixon.



SENT FOR TO AID THE IMPERIALISTS, YET POSSIBLY TO BE FIRST PRESIDENT OF A CHINESE REPUBLIC: YUAN SHI KAI.

Yuan Shi Kai, who was practically omnipotent under the late Dowager Empress of China, was ignominiously sent into retirement in January of 1909, when he was handed an edict which told him that he must resign as he was unexpectedly suffering from an affection of the foot which made it difficult for him to go about his duties properly. When the present revolution broke out, the Throne requested him to come out of his retirement to assume the Viceroyship of Hunan and Hupeh, the heart of the rebellion. He replied that his foot was not yet well. Later, however, he agreed to act. Now he is the Chinese Premier, but there is a theory that he may become President of the Republic of China. His actions are being watched by the world.





THE critics who rejoiced to think that the *Gazette* erred in describing Lord Dunedin as "Keeper of the Great Seal of the Prince of Wales' Principality of Scotland" had not a long spell of glory. Scotland is a principality, and Lord Dunedin is the

Keeper of its Great Seal. And a very good Keeper, too! He is no tyro in the concerns of the Court; and, as a Member of Parliament for fourteen years, he had his apprenticeship to the ordinary business of political life. He was born in 1849, and yesterday (the 21st) he received the birthday congratulations which he rather enjoys, despite the proverb which says they become bores, and rather disagreeable bores, even to a man, after the age of fifty-five.

from Mansion House magnates to the Master of Skibo Castle. Of one of Skibo's guests comes a story, by the way. Lord Morley, staying there, was asked why he had stayed up so late one night. "Oh," he answered, "I was just destroying some of Carnegie's sophisms." A little later the same questioner asked Mr. Carnegie where Lord Morley was. "I guess he's laid up for repairs," was the reply; "I was arguing with him last night."

#### The Hat.

Since red has been called by an English poet "the hue of Westminster," nothing looks better than a Cardinal's hat on the head of Archbishop Bourne. Of all the members of the Sacred College he is the youngest but one; and when he was first made a Bishop he was the youngest in England on the Roman Catholic Bench. A level-headed man, if ever there was one, he has certain partialities—one of them is a great liking for the Civil Service, in which his father had a distinguished place at the Post Office. His Italian is as

sound as his English; and he speaks French with a perfection which French Canadians took as a compliment when he went to Montreal last year, but which rather increased their chagrin when he publicly told them that he looked forward with hope and expectation to the time when English would be the mother tongue throughout the Dominion. For the Archbishop is a bold man on occasion; and, like most men who know how to keep silence, knows also how and when to break it with the most excellent effect.

"All the Russias." Mr. Hammerstein seems to be right in thinking that London can fill two opera-houses, though Covent Garden may yet secure, on an average night, somewhat the more interesting audience. Krzeszinska filled it last week. Lord Howard de Walden, returned from distant and unknown places, had to satisfy a number of his friends in regard to the rumour of his espousal

of Socialism. Perhaps his box, a type of segregation and monopoly, was in itself sufficient answer. Lady Marjorie and Lady Diana Manners, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Brougham and Vaux with the Hon. Eleanor Brougham, Lady Sarah Wilson, and Lady Beatrice Thynne were also present to welcome the new dancer. But it was, above all, a Russian house; every distinguished member of the Russian colony and every Russian visitor in London mustered to do honour to Krzeszinska.



STAFF-SURGEON WOODS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS RUBI SEDDON TOOK PLACE THIS MONTH.

Staff-Surgeon Samuel H. Woods, R.N., is serving on H.M.S. "Gibraltar."

Photograph by Wheeler.

Duchess of Sutherland will be "at home," on behalf of her Cripples' Guild, on Dec. 4: "at home," not at Stafford House, but in Old Bond Street. From 3 to 6 she will welcome her friends in one of the narrowest shops of one of the narrowest of London's streets. No. 13 looks as if it might hold only about thirteen buyers if they are all to carry bulky purses. But Stafford House, which holds numberless guests, does not, on such occasions, satisfy the needs of the queen of shopkeepers. *Les affaires sont les affaires*. In the midst of Stafford House magnificence people forget that there is a cause to serve and silver to buy. Who can tread that staircase and remember their trifling Christmas needs? The five-pound look which is an impertinence there is entirely becoming at No. 13. That is the Duchess's view, and the wise one.

At Skibo. King George's message to Mr. John Wanamaker, whose benevolence has extended from New York to the Guildhall, makes a particularly happy paragraph in the history of Anglo-American cordiality. The theory that America is the home of the higher snobbery, and that Englishmen in exclusive New York are judged on the strength of lineage alone, was worn very threadbare by the universal popularity of Sir Thomas Lipton in the States. To America's Sir Thomas has now come a return of favours at the hands of England's first gentleman. Mr. Wanamaker, one of the most charming of men, is often in England, where he is welcomed by troops of friends—

#### The Lure of Bond Street.

The Duchesses keep bright and benevolent eyes on the business possibilities of Christmas. Her Grace of Marlborough has already set on foot at Sunderland House a sale of presents in aid of her Homes. The



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER AND THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON: LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON AND LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON.

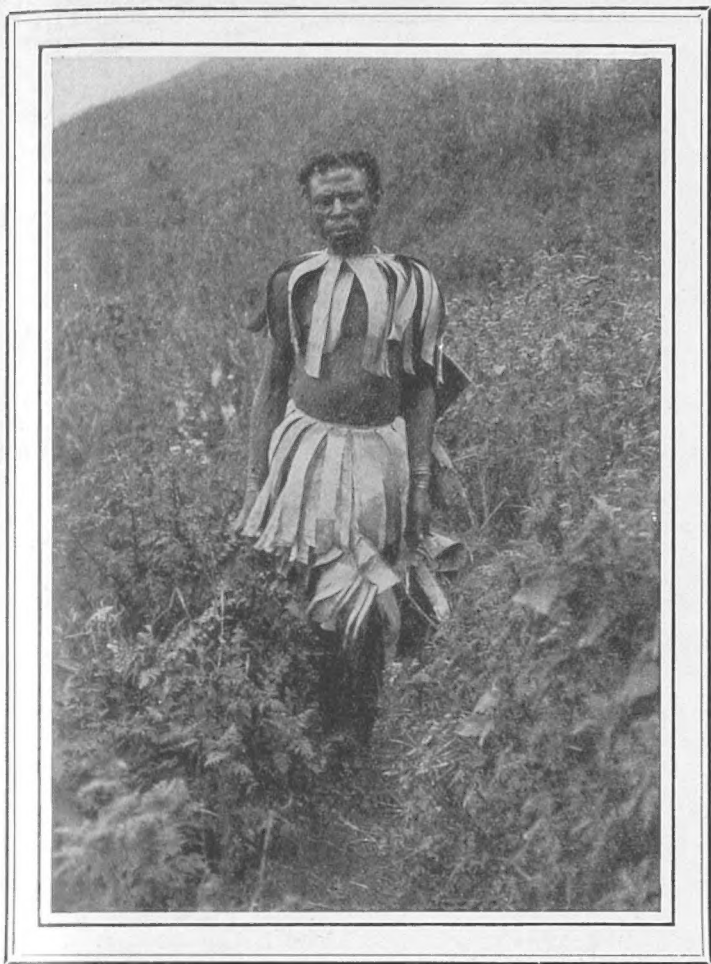


THE ELDER CHILDREN OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON: LORD GEORGE DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, LADY JEAN DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, AND THE MARQUESS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE.

The Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale was born in February 1903; Lord George in 1906; Lord Malcolm in 1909; Lady Jean in 1904, and Lady Margaret in 1907.—[Photographs by Lafayette, Glasgow.]

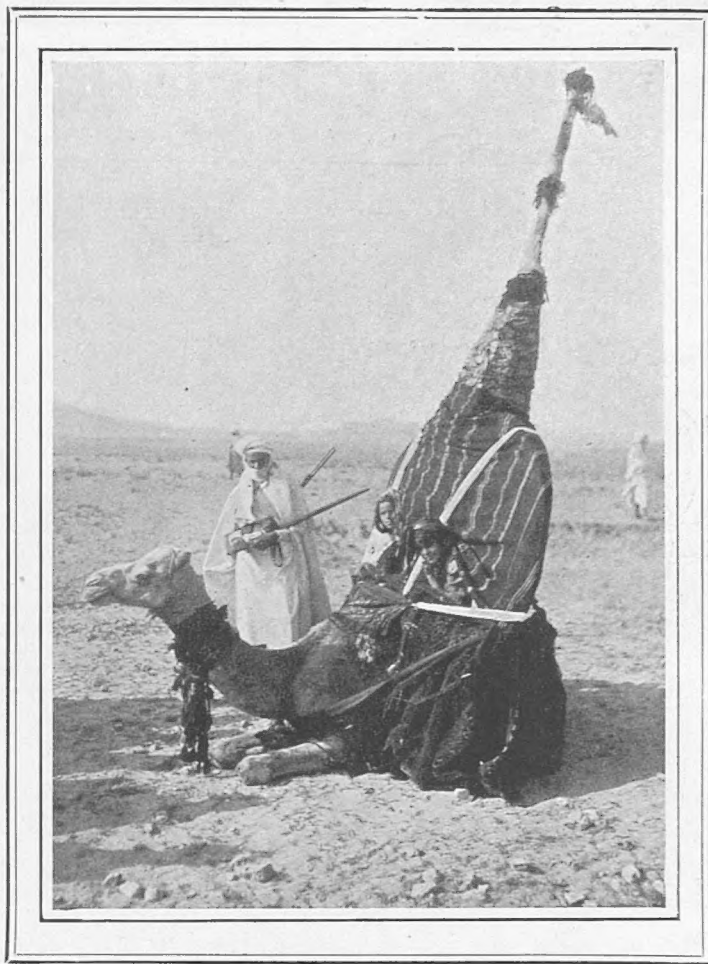


# THE LYNX-EYED LENS: CURIOSITIES SEEN BY THE CAMERA.



LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND—DRESSED IN BANANA-LEAVES; A VARIANT OF THE FIG-LEAF, FROM BUFUMBIRA.

The photograph suggests a various reading of the familiar song, "Let's all go down the Strand," also a variant on the traditional costume of Adam and Eve. Banana-leaves, by the way, may be commended to the Oriental dancer in search of a new idea.



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT, UNDER CLOSE-REEFED "TOPSIES": A CAMEL AND ITS FAIR SUPERCARGOES.

Our nautical terms may be a little unusual, but they will explain themselves. The camel, as is well known, is called "the ship of the desert." Apparently, from the photograph, it is sometimes used as a kind of travelling dwelling-place, with a tent-like structure on its back.—[Photograph by Royer.]



REYNARD AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE POM OR THE PEKINGESE: THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK WITH THE FOX SHE CARRIED IN THE WEST END. The Countess of Warwick recently aroused much interest in the West End by going about with a fox under her arm. She is here seen, with her husband, and Reynard, at the Earl's hunting-lodge at Melton Mowbray.—[Photograph by Howard Barrett.]



OF FILMY FAME: A DANISH ACTRESS, DESCRIBED AS "THE DUSE OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH," WHO APPEARS IN MANY CINEMATOGRAPH DRAMAS. It is perhaps hardly realised to what extent many actors and actresses now add to their income by performing for the cinematograph. The lady here shown is especially in request owing to her command of facial expression and her excellent acting.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



a Biddle of Biddles, has been forbidden to smoke in a Philadelphia restaurant.)

There are still some quaint backwaters

Where a woman may not smoke,  
Where our modern wives and daughters  
Bow beneath King James's yoke;  
Where a genuine Biddle-Biddle,  
Foiled by Yankee etiquette,  
After dinner may not twiddle,  
Much less smoke, a cigarette.

Mrs. Pankhurst, who is lecturing in the U.S.A., has sprained her ankle at Oshkosh, Wis. The poor, dear lady must have stumbled over the name of the place.

Only twelve of the forty geese that were to appear at Covent Garden show any genuine aptitude for opera, and so the other twenty-eight have been dismissed. Great care must be taken that the dismissed ones do not get into the gallery on the night of the performance and give their more fortunate relatives "the bird."



A French greengrocer has been using gunpowder on his vegetables, under the impression that it was a sort of manure. In conjunction with some form of heating apparatus, powder ought to raise vegetables if anything can.

#### THE NEW RELIGION.

(The new feminine religion of life is more foolish than any that have preceded it.)

If you're anxious to shine  
In the fatuous line  
As adept in the last imbecility,  
You must sit on the floor  
With your legs crossed before,  
And an air of profound immobility.  
You'll be certainly right  
If you're dressed all in white  
In the style that is known as devotional,  
With your feet and legs bare,  
And with unloosened hair,  
In a pose which is highly emotional.



You sit on the stairs,  
Eating apples and pears,  
Like the Chilian mentioned in history,  
And the less they agree,  
The nearer you'll be  
To solving the great Asian mystery.  
It's important to own  
Some particular tone  
To express your innate personality,  
Till by softening your brain  
You may some day attain  
To a state of obtuse immortality.

FOUR hundred years ago a lawsuit was started in Leipzig, and judgment was delivered a few days ago. It must have been a very rich estate to have kept the lawyers going so many years.

#### THE GHOST OF KING JAMES.

(Mrs. Biddle, the wife of an American millionaire, and, as a correspondent cables in an awestruck whisper across the Atlantic, Good King James's "precious stinke.")

Not that we have much to boast of—  
English pubs and music-halls  
Gladly entertain the ghost of  
James the First within their walls.  
Merely as regards the ladies;  
Otherwise they hardly think  
Fit to relegate to Hades  
Good King James's "precious stinke."

Dr. Nansen, at the Royal Geographical Society the other night, rubbed into poor old Christopher Columbus the fact that the Norsemen discovered America long before he did. Now it only remains for Commander Peary to show that the Vikings knew how to stand an egg on its point, and Christopher may be placed permanently on the bottom shelf.

"There is an encouraging outlook in the bottled-beer trade at Burton-on-Trent," says the *Evening News*. But what is really more important than the outlook is the intake of bottled beer.

More international complications. A new island has been born between Trinidad and Venezuela.

Properly speaking, all islands belong to us, and are in the parish of Stepney, but perhaps the little stranger will sink back into the sea before it causes a general war.



More outrages from Tripoli! About two thousand Arabs have been washed by a brutal Italian soldiery. How would the invaders like it themselves?

You all of you know that, in the ordinary grate, four-fifths of the heat generated by the coal goes up the chimney, and that for every five tons of coal that you burn you only get the heat of one. The obvious remedy during the coming cold weather will be to sit up the chimney and so benefit by the missing four-fifths. It will also be an admirable opportunity for wearing your aeroplane suit in the close season.

"Do men propose?" is one of the questions of the day. Foolish men think that they do; wise men know that they don't.

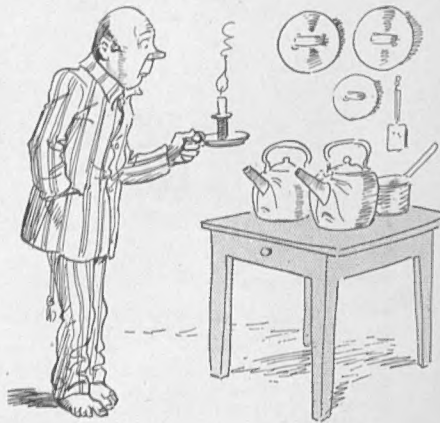


"Lacking in Kraftshotzende Jungfraulichkeit" is the polysyllabic club with which the *Times* smites someone at Covent Garden. Splendid! The very phrase with which to crush an extortionate taxicab driver.

There is going to be some merry sport in Middlesex. The inhabitants of that annexe of London are to be allowed to shoot starlings at will in the future. Why go to Mashonaland?

Iceland is going to forbid the importation of whisky from Jan. 1 next, so Scotch whisky is now being sent over to the island by the ton to provide against all contingencies. The Icelanders will probably soon be imitating the defendant at Greenwich of whom it was said that he was drunk eight nights a week.

Be careful with your tin kettles, for they are very liable to catch cold if kept in a temperature of less than 64 degrees. And there is nothing so disturbing in the middle of the night as a tin kettle sneezing in the kitchen.







## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



GARDENING—WITHOUT HEATH ROBINSON'S AID: A CHINAMAN PLANTING LOTUS ROOTS IN THE MUD  
AT THE BOTTOM OF A LAKE.

Our correspondent sends the following description with this photograph: "Chinaman planting lotus-roots in the mud at the bottom of a lake at Tsinan, Shantung Province, China. The man is encased in sacking, which covers him all over, including his hands, only leaving a hole at the top, which has bamboo sticks to keep it open and above water. These sticks rest on the man's shoulders. This arrangement keeps out the mud. The lotus-roots are floated on a small raft, and are taken one by one and trampled down into the mud."—[Photograph supplied by Barrett.]



CROSSING THE BAR! A CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN HIGH-JUMPING.

We have published in "The Sketch" on numerous occasions many snapshots of athletes pursuing athleticism, photographs which have caught in extraordinary manner the fleeting movements which, hardly remarked by the eye when seen as part of a whole, appear almost astounding when recorded on plate and paper. We now give this further example.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Butterfly on the Wheel," which was revived at the Queen's Theatre the other night, was one of the great successes of last season, and had to be withdrawn from the Globe Theatre before its popularity had run out. The success undoubtedly is due to the trial scene, which constitutes the whole of the third act. In the way of a trial scene we were entitled to expect something out of the common, since it was written by Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., Recorder of Liverpool. It is a rather curious coincidence, by the way (if real coincidences ever are curious), that the night of its revival should have seen the birth of a repertory theatre in the city of which Mr. Hemmerde is Recorder—a repertory theatre which begins its career with a theatre of its own, and £14,000 or so capital. I have my doubts whether "A Butterfly on the Wheel" will ever find its way into the bill of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, although "Justice" and "The Silver Box," two other plays with trial scenes, also written by a barrister, are almost certain to be presented in its programme. How fond playwrights and the public are of plays with trial scenes! Without an effort I can recollect several others given during late years—"The Only Way," that seems to have an endless run; "A Man's Shadow," where Fernandez had a triumph, representing the advocate who, in defending the prisoner, was forced to bring out evidence of his own wife's shame. There was "Her Advocate," by Mr. Walter Fritli, also a barrister, much admired for the realism of its trial scene. Two years ago we saw "Madame X." at the Court, and Mr. Arthur Wontner made a great success as a French advocate pleading for his mother. Most striking of all, except the Galsworthy plays, was the vivid Shaw piece, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," publicly performed in Ireland, despite the prohibition of the authorities, and privately presented in London.

Others might be named, but it is needless to labour the matter. A noticeable fact is that all I have mentioned, save the Shaw and Galsworthy pieces, are melodramas, and the Hemmerde-Neilson play is in this category. One feels that there is nothing at the back of it, so one misses that criticism of human administration of law which distinguishes "The Silver Box" and "Justice." It is true that the respondent in the Admaston case, when being severely cross-examined, rails against the Divorce Court and its methods, and the cruelty of cross-examination, and man's system of judging women. One cannot accept her seriously, for the lady got little, if anything, more than she deserved; she could hardly complain

reasonably of inconvenient questions as to sitting up till past midnight, dressed (or undressed) in her nightgown, in a private room at a French hotel with a man who had often before made violent love to her. A married woman who compromises herself in such a way—and also, it may cynically be observed, cheats the would-be lover into the bargain—deserves pretty severe punishment, and a bad half-hour in the witness-box is not too much. Certainly this act is quite effective, even if the authors overcrowd with trumps the cross-examining counsel's hands. The actual presentation of the court is remarkably lifelike. Mr. John Wheatman, who played the Judge very well, will remind many people of the unbeloved Hawkins. The play tails off a bit in the last act, where it becomes rather elementary melodrama, with the peculiar logic belonging to that class of play. There is a great deal of business concerning the writer of an anonymous letter, and it appears to be taken for granted that the discovery of the scribe, if made, will prove the innocence of the foolish wife—and yet, in fact, the discovery does no more than tend to show to some extent that the wife was not wittingly a party to the co-respondent's contrivance for causing her to spend the night at the same hotel as himself in Paris, and leaves untouched a mass of admissions by the lady on which any jury would find her guilty, though, in fact, she was innocent. However, submitting melodrama to close criticism is in reality breaking a butterfly on the wheel, and the audience which was thrilled by the trial scene and amused by the simple humours of the second act does not closely consider probabilities.

The Acting. The cast is almost entirely new, and since I did not see the first company, I do not draw any comparisons. Certainly the present performance is good enough to please anybody. Miss Madge Titheradge played quite remarkably as the heroine in the trial scene: she has a gift for strong emotional display accompanied by judgment that is quite rare in our actresses, and so she made a great impression upon the house. Mr. Leon Quartermaine represented the lover, a class of part in which I have not seen him before: he acted the midnight scene of passion with real intensity. Mr. Turnbull replaces Mr. Norman McKinnel as a cross-examining counsel, and it is difficult to believe that the change involves loss, for the new-comer was quite clever and effective. The "silly ass" part of Lord Ellerdine, formerly in the hands of Mr. Sam Sothern, was amusingly rendered by Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm in a manner all his own. There was a rather absurd female villain part, acted very well by Miss Grace Croft.



MORE DICKENS IN FRANCE: LITTLE MONA GONDRE AS DAVID COPPERFIELD AT THE ODÉON.

Dickens is well represented in Paris just now. There is "M. Pickwick" at the Athénée, and "David Copperfield" at the Odéon. The latter is described as "Pièce en cinq actes, de M. Max Maurey, d'après Charles Dickens. David Copperfield est un pauvre petit, torturé par M. Murdstone, le second mari de sa mère, et remis entre les mains de M. Creckle [sic], bourreau d'enfants. Mais tout finit bien pour le pauvre petit."—[Photograph by Biard.]



GEESSE FOR GRAND OPERA: THE TWELVE BIRDS CHOSEN TO APPEAR IN "KÖNIGSKINDER" AT COVENT GARDEN.

When the directors of Covent Garden decided to produce Humperdinck's new opera, "Königskinder," during the present season, they discovered that stage directions demanded real geese. Hence the choice and the special training of the birds here shown.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



## THE ART OF HAIR-HIDING: MME. VALLANDRI'S TRANSFORMATION.



## THE CONCEALMENT OF MOST LUXURIANT TRESSES: HOW MME. VALLANDRI CONTRIVES TO HIDE HER EXTRAORDINARY WEALTH OF HAIR FOR SUCH PARTS AS MANON.

Mme. Vallandri, who is one of the well-known artists appearing under Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's banner at the London Opera House, can claim to have hair longer than that of any other woman in Europe. The first of our photographs gives an excellent idea of her tresses; the second shows how ingeniously she contrives to conceal these infinite riches in a little room. Her hair being as long and as thick as it is, there is obvious difficulty when she has to conceal it for such a part as Manon (in which the second photograph shows her), in which she must wear a white wig. Thanks to her coiffeur, the difficulty has been surmounted in her case by the manufacture, not of a wig, but of a special "transformation"; that is to say, a very thin layer of the grey hair necessary for the part, which is drawn over

Mme. Vallandri's hair after that has been plaited close to the head.—[Photographs by Rentlinger and the Dover Street Studios.]



## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



ENGAGED TO COMMANDER GEORGE NAPIER TOMLIN, OF THE "MEDINA": MISS VIOLET SEYMOUR OSBORNE. Miss Osborne is the younger daughter of the late Captain Herbert B. Osborne, late of the 53rd Regiment, and of Mrs. Osborne, of Osborne Lodge, the Park, Cheltenham.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

His father's sense of literary style is sufficiently obvious in a book published last year, and nobody who has come within sampling distance of the dishes created at Lady Esher's School of Cookery can contend that the family's good taste ends with manuscripts.

*The Lucky "I."* Mr. Brett's engagement was, of course, made a day or two before it was publicly announced, and a certain amount of family curiosity has been aroused by the exact date's familiarity with the figure 1. The "11/11/11" was, of all days in a century or more, quite the most appropriate for an event of first-class importance to befall among the Brett's, a family that owes its illustrious history to a majority of one. In 1866, William Baliol Brett was declared by the Mayor, after the polling at a Cornish bye-election, to be even with his competitor, "and," added that worthy, "I give my casting vote to the Liberal." A petition followed, only to discover that Mr. Brett had actually been returned by a majority of one. Eighteen months later he was Solicitor-General, a post that led by easy stages to the Peerage.

*Paxton's Palace.* Even men who do not live in glass houses will throw no stones at the Crystal Palace now that its fortunes are found to be fragile. Lord Plymouth, who inhabits a house remarkably substantial, correct, and attractive in Mount

THE Hon. Oliver Baliol Brett, the Viscount Esher of the future, has decided to share his many fair prospects with an American, Miss Antoinette Heckscher. Her Christian name, with its smack of Versailles, reminds Mr. Brett that his father's mother was wholly French. He brings his bride (they are to be married quite shortly) to well within reach of Windsor, for Lord Esher has been long established in the Castle and heart of his King. Mr. Brett has had parental schooling in many arts.



ENGAGED TO MISS VIOLET SEYMOUR OSBORNE: COMMANDER GEORGE NAPIER TOMLIN.

Commander George Napier Tomlin is the only son of the late Captain G. J. Tomlin, R.N., of Magdala, Fremington, North Devon. He sailed recently for India on the "Medina."

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Street, is to the fore as one of the champions of the glittering monster of Sydenham. He is a judge of the arts, with as good a judge at his elbow. Lady Plymouth has done more than judge; she is herself a designer, going so far as to make her own bed—not the diurnal making known to chambermaids, but the making of a bed that will not be unmade for many generations: a wondrous thing in green wood, carved with poppies and owls and other emblems of sleep and of night. Lord Plymouth is quite determined in his good intents towards the Crystal Palace, and turns a deaf ear to the adviser of ultra-artistic

tastes who says that, if he is determined to subscribe, he should turn his subscription into crowns and engage a Surrey cricketer to throw them into the Palace.

*Not in Fashion.* Will a book-auction ever take its place in the social calendar? The Huth Sale runs its unparalleled course strictly according to the immemorial and quite dull traditions of Wellington Street. For the first time within memory special tickets were issued for a "private view" before the opening day, but since then the proceedings have relapsed into the unalterable humdrum of an ordinary sale. Lord Cobham, a few members of Parliament, the Vice-Provost of Eton, some New Yorkers, and Colonel Holford looked in at the private view; but during the sale the omniscient eye of Mr. Tom Hodge had hardly ever to cope with the unexpected bid of a stranger. The Duke of Marlborough and Sir John Kennaway entered the room for a short time, and Mr. Fairfax Murray, the most learned of amateurs, did his own bidding. On one day, in all the grey assembly there was but one woman.

*A Courting.* Deeside is delighted at the news of the engagement of the Hon. Louvima Knollys and Mr. Allan Mackenzie of Glenmuick. Had Mr. Mackenzie done his courting fifty years ago (that is, at a date much before his birth) he would have thanked a certain ancestor who changed his signature. When Praed sang to a girl of a possible suitor, "If he calls himself Thompson or Skinner, My dear Araminta, say 'No!'" there was a real dislike of the supposed dowdiness of the name discarded by the Mr. Thompson who became Sir James Mackenzie of Glen Muick, and a privileged neighbour of the royal owners of Balmoral. Thus the association between Miss Knollys and Mr. Mackenzie is not far to seek; they have spent much of their lives within a few salmon-leaps

TO MARRY MR. C. C. DENNIS TODAY (NOV. 22): MISS MARY SCOTT MACFIE.

Miss Mary Scott Macfie is the third daughter of Mr. J. W. Macfie, of Rowton Hall, Chester, and Dreghorn Castle, Midlothian. Mr. Charles Cyril Dennis is the youngest son of Mr. J. H. Dennis, of Grenehurst Park, Surrey.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

of one another in Scotland. Miss Knollys's news is particularly welcome to the sisters of the King; she is the namesake of all three, each of them lending her a syllable to her Louvima. Lord Knollys's career was so bound up with the late King's that it is public property. Even the practical jokes of which he was the butt at the hands of his royal master in the early period of his forty years of service have, so to speak, gone into the Court jest-books; the youthful Prince's laugh has caught on.



TO BE ONE OF THE HOSTESSES AT A DINNER IN AID OF BEDFORD COLLEGE: THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

The Countess of Essex, who is an American, and was Miss Adela Beach Grant, of New York, is to be a hostess at the dinner to be given at the Savoy on November 23 in aid of the building fund of Bedford College for Women. Lord Haldane is to preside, and among the guests are to be Mr. and Mrs. Asquith.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN ROBERT HEATHCOTE: MISS MILLICENT WALTON.

Miss Walton, of Horsley Priory, Gloucester, is engaged to Captain Robert Heathcote, only son of Mr. Robert Heathcote, of Manton Hall, Oakham, and cousin of the Earl of Ancaster.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. LOUVIMA KNOLLYS, ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD KNOLLYS: MR. ALLAN MACKENZIE.

Miss Knollys was born in 1888. Mr. Mackenzie, of the Grenadier Guards, is the second son of the late Sir Allan Mackenzie, Bt., of Glen Muick.

Photograph by Mayall.



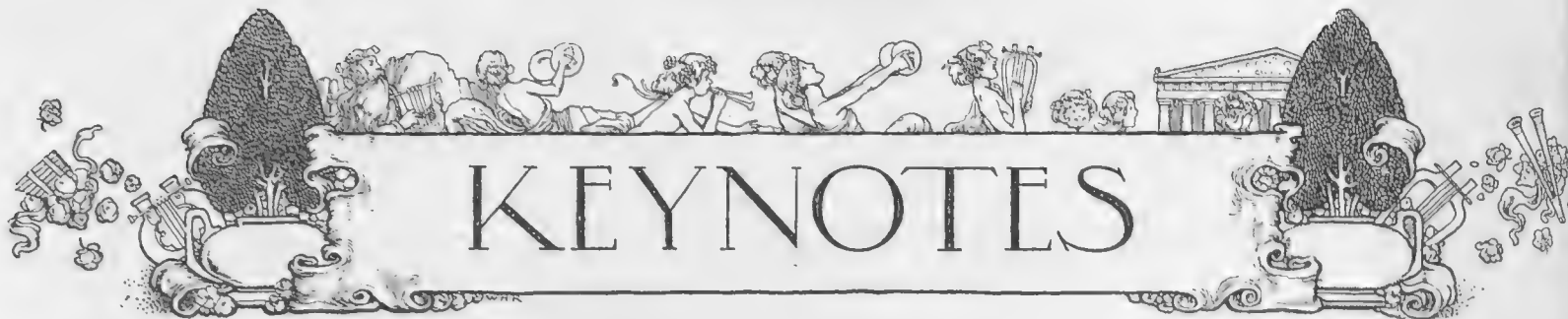
MUST YOU LICK YOUR OWN SERVANT-INSURANCE STAMPS?



SHOULD BE IN EVERY POST OFFICE AND IN EVERY HOUSE! THE NEW STAMP-LICKER-OF SPECIAL VALUE IN VIEW OF THE SERVANT QUESTION AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

Our Artist sends us this drawing as a suggestion to the Postmaster-General; and points out also that the household pet may be made useful in similar fashion when it becomes the mistress's duty to stick stamps on a card for the insurance of each of her servants.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



THE outstanding things of music are not always those that are best advertised. In the past week we have seen the opening of the finest opera-house that ever stood in a London street, and the inauguration of a venture which, if successful, may exercise far-reaching effect upon our musical history. But much water will flow under the bridges before we can hope to see how far London is prepared to respond to Mr. Hammerstein's generous summons, and in the meantime the town has renewed its acquaintance with a great conductor, has met a well-known composer from Russia, and developed its interest in the work of a leading British composer who, though he makes no sacrifices to an ephemeral popularity, is destined to leave the impress of his talent upon the musical thought of our time. Mengelburg, Rachmaninov, and Dr. Walford Davies, three men who serve music in different fields, seem to me to stand out most clearly from the record of the past two or three weeks.



COMPOSER OF "THE CHILDREN'S DREAM": MR. OSBORNE ROBERTS.

Mr. Osborne Roberts, a brother of Sir Herbert Roberts, Bt., M.P., and composer of the popular "Carnival" two-step, has just composed a new ballet, "The Children's Dream," which is to be produced before long at a leading London music-hall. Those who are to appear in it have been chosen from Miss Lila Field's well-known company of dancers, and include Miss Marjorie Stevens and Miss June Tripp, who appeared at the Palace during the summer as soloists with Mme. Pavlova.

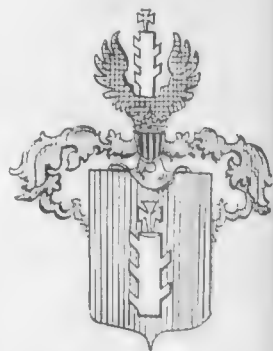
Photograph by Reissinger-Feanneret.

his gift. The result is that his first symphony stands out as a very significant piece of work, one that must interest those whom it cannot always please.

Heer Mengelburg has been for some years one of the shining lights of Amsterdam, and he conducted the Strauss Festival held in London eight years ago. He returns to receive acknowledgment as a man worthy to take rank with Nikisch and Richter, to be hailed as an unexpected force in the world of the orchestra. He is a man full of personal magnetism, who can make a body of instrumentalists bow to his will and follow him with an enthusiasm that the audience must share. He woke the supporters of the Philharmonic Society to unrestrained applause, and as a class they have no surface enthusiasm to be lightly stirred. But it was impossible for either the orchestra or the audience to resist Mengelburg, and many who listened with delight to his interpretation of Schumann's Fourth Symphony must have asked themselves how it comes that a conductor of such supreme talent, a man with such an innate mastery over men and music, should have remained for eight years a stranger to our concert-halls. In these days, when leading orchestras change their conductors more often than they change their programmes, how comes it that Mengelburg has been overlooked? We have had many men of talent over here, but it is impossible to resist belief that this Dutch conductor's gifts are more than this word can cover. Certainly his reappearance in our midst is a matter of the first importance, and it is safe to say that he will be urged to visit London again in the near future.

Remains Sergius Rachmaninov, known hitherto, and chiefly by

music-teachers and their pupils, by reason of a Prelude in C sharp minor that is well-nigh as hackneyed as the National Anthem. In Russia, where he is known as a pianist as well as a composer, Rachmaninov studied under Siloti, Taneiev, and Arensky. Some years ago—a dozen, at least—he appeared before the Philharmonic Society; since then he has been with us only in the Prelude aforesaid. But when he came to the opening concert of the Philharmonic Society a fortnight ago and played the solo part in his latest concerto, it was at once apparent that he is a pianist of consummate virtuosity, and a brilliant, imaginative composer as well. There was enough melodic fibre in that concerto to have sufficed for three in the hands of a composer of smaller gifts, or one who husbands his resources. For sheer brilliance and attractiveness no modern work in the same class approaches it, and it would be hard to name half-a-dozen living players who could sink its difficulties under a broad, flowing outline in such attractive fashion. In spite of the dazzling execution and brilliant effects that seemed to enlarge the normal sphere of the piano, there was no suggestion of the show piece; the work stood upon a higher plane, and, with Mengelburg in charge of the Philharmonic orchestra, the effect was positively startling. One felt that the work of Liszt has at last been developed and expanded when neither expansion nor development seemed possible or desirable. The Philharmonic has embarked



BORNE BY THE TSAR'S SOLOIST: MME. KRZESZINSKA'S COAT-OF-ARMS.

upon a remarkable season, and if any of the concerts to come can rise to the level of the opening one, competing orchestras must look to their laurels, though this will hardly suffice to keep them untarnished.

It is permissible, then, to claim for the music of the week before last developments of rare interest and significance, and if they are dwelt upon at length there is the reasonable excuse that they stand for more than the revival, under the most favourable conditions, of work that belongs of right to the era of our grandfathers. This has its claims upon our attention, and doubtless



A CURIOUSLY INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF THE DANCER WHO IS SOLOIST TO THE TSAR: MME. MATILDA KRZESZINSKA—AN EARLY PORTRAIT.

Mme. Krzeszinska, the famous dancer who is the soloist to the Tsar and the wealthiest of "stars," made her first appearance at Covent Garden on Tuesday of last week with much success. She is the possessor of a fortune in jewels.

they will not be overlooked; but music is a living force with an incalculable future, and Dr. Walford Davies, Heer Mengelburg, and Rachmaninov, each in his own sphere, has helped to make that future seem more clear and more attractive.—COMMON CHORD.



*A Garden Guide : Horticultural Hints.*



## VIII.—TRIMMING THE LAWN.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

## THE A. B. L. : THE BONAR LAW STYLE.



THE LEADER OF THE UNIONISTS: MR. BONAR LAW AS GOLFER.

It is a curious coincidence that the new Leader of the Unionist Party is not only a keen golfer, like his great predecessor, but has also won the Parliamentary Handicap, as Mr. Balfour has done on more than one occasion. This achievement was Mr. Bonar Law's in 1907, and it was accomplished from the fifteen handicap mark. Mr. Bonar Law is hardly such a good golfer as Mr. Balfour, but he has some points of excellence. He puts some devil into his tee-shots, and generally drives what may be considered a long ball. But for comparative weakness in the short game he would be a more serious rival to better players than he is.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



## THE A. J. B. : THE BALFOUR STYLE.



THE EX-LEADER OF THE UNIONISTS: MR. BALFOUR AS GOLFER.

There are some marked peculiarities in the golfing style of the retired Unionist leader. Commonly he drives with a brassey, has a rather hurried back swing and a short follow-through, but hits a very nice ball. He plays his irons well, and is particularly good at the long, low, run-up shot. He putts with an iron putter, and it is a frequent failing with him, as with so many other golfers, both better and worse, that he is short of the hole when he ought to be up to it, or past it. This lack of courage to hit the ball hard enough has cost him many a hole and many a match.—[Photograph by C.A.]



## THE FIRST VOLUME OF A (GEORGE) MOORISH TRILOGY.

ONCE upon a time (the beginning of Mr. Moore's childhood), in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, "inspired by an uncontrollable desire to break the monotony of infancy, I stripped myself of my clothes and ran naked in front of my nurse, screaming with delight at the embarrassment I was causing her. She could not take me home along the streets naked, and I had thrown my clothes out of reach into a hawthorn—cap and jacket, shirt and trousers."

No one who knows his "Drama in Muslin," or any one of those thoughtful appreciations of Whistler, Watteau, or Manet will forget to pay him tribute as man of letters; but few will deny that the child of the Green incident was father to the man who wrote those "Memoirs of My Dead Life" or this first volume of a trilogy. St. Stephen's Green has widened to cultured Britain, the embarrassed nurse has multiplied to a large circle of intimates, nor is it he alone who goes stripped, as "dear Edward" and others may testify. Mr. Moore might well walk out "thinking how little the soul of man changes. It declares itself in the beginning, and remains with us to the end." So well does this literary *enfant terrible* of his time know himself!

Arthur Symons is revealed as a man of yellowish temperament, a victim of fairies. A wicked fairy had cast him for a parson; but a good fairy, waiting on the window-sill, bestowed upon him "extraordinary literary gifts"; whereupon the wicked fairy, returning down the chimney and unable to take away the gift of writing, added, "but in thy talk though shalt be as commonplace as Goldsmith." He may be seen here returning to his rooms at one o'clock, tired after long symbolistic studies at the Empire, and so hungry that he began to eat bread-and-butter while Mr. Moore and Yeats talked about style; "but I gathered from his detachment that he felt his own style had been formed years ago: a thing of beauty, without doubt, but accidentally bestowed upon him, so much was it at variance with his appearance and conversation."

Yeats makes a poor beginning in Mr. Moore's pages by appearing at the Avenue Theatre during the performance of his play dressed to advertise himself, "as the Irish middle classes do when they come to London bent on literature. They come in knee-breeches, in Jaeger, in velvet jackets; and this one was clothed like a Bible-reader, and chanted like one in his talk." He was, however, more intelligent "than his verses had led me to expect." His dress when he saw him thus on exhibition, striding to and forth at the back of the dress-circle, was a "long black cloak drooping from his shoulders, a soft black sombrero on his head, a voluminous black silk tie flowing from his collar, loose black gloves, trousers dragging untidily over his long, heavy feet—a man of such excessive appearance that I could not do otherwise—could I?—than to mistake him for an Irish parody of the poetry I had seen all my life strutting its rhythmic way in the alleys of the Luxembourg Gardens, preening its rhymes by the fountains; excessive in habit and gait." But, notwithstanding, Mr. Moore is soon doing more than bare justice to Yeats, subtle intellect and wonderful company. And though he could still see him at moments as by the Lake at Coole—"a tall black figure, wearing a cloak which fell in straight lines to his knees, looking

like a great umbrella forgotten by some picnic party," or appeasing Lady Gregory by the news that he had written five and a half lines that morning and a promise to return by six and write some more before dinner—Yeats should congratulate himself on coming out of it so well.

Not so may Edward Martyn, "my oldest friend," "dear Edward who has served me as a boon companion ever since he came to live in the Temple." He discovered at last what to admire and what to repudiate. "But he is not very sure-footed on new ground, and being a heavy man, his stumblings are loud. Moreover, he is obsessed by a certain part of his person which he speaks of as his soul. . . . Edward is interested in his soul—deeply interested; he is interested in Palestrina and in his property in Galway, and the sartorial reformation of the clergy. He would like to see the clergy in cassocks. Then there are his political interests. He wants Home Rule, and when he is thinking of none of these things he writes plays."

Amongst much laboratory talk of verse-making and play-writing there occur touches of great beauty. Hardly could it be George Moore otherwise. He is so set on thinking and seeing sincerely and beautifully, he has such a passion for saying it truly and beautifully. Whether it is Dublin—"a town wandering between mountain and sea," I said as I stood before my glass shaving"—or Lady Gregory's care for her poet which reminds him that, "as the moon is more interested in the earth than in any other thing, there is always some woman more interested in a man's mind than in anything else, willing to follow it sentence by sentence," the touch of the artist is unmistakable.

Critics and Imperialists may laugh at the fever of Anglophobia born of the Boer War, which caused him to rejoice that Westminster Abbey was, after all, inferior to Notre Dame, and made him long to smash Steer's Chelsea shepherdesses; but from the very first, and underlying an almost passionate cult of observation and analysis, there lies a spiritual drama. It is neither more nor less than the wooing of Cathleen ni Hoolihan. He, too, was to be her lover and her victim. Nor was the love of France nor the English in his blood to save him. "But Ireland lacks passion," I said, and pushed my way through the crowd. "It lacks ideas, and, worst of all, it lacks passion." "But it is difficult to be angry with Ireland on a May morning." So as a lover, and, therefore, convinced of her necessity for him, he went to her.



AUTHOR OF "A YEAR OF STRANGERS":  
YOŌ PAWLOWSKA (MRS. BUCKLEY).

Mrs. Buckley, writing under the pen-name Yoŏ Pawlowska, has just had her book, "A Year of Strangers," published by Messrs. Duckworth. The work deals with episodes in Flanders, Italy, Russia, and Persia.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



MR. BALFOUR! THE EX-UNIONIST LEADER AS HE APPEARED AT A COURT BALL IN THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



MILE - D STUPIDITY !



THE MOTORIST (*after various attempts to find out the distance to the next town*) : But how far is it ? Is it five miles ?

THE RUSTIC : Noa, Zur ; not by moty-car, anyway.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE INTERPRETATION.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

"DO you believe in dreams?" inquired Herbert a little anxiously.

"That depends," said Arminel, considering, "if they're nice ones or not."

"It's very odd," pursued Herbert in a ruminating tone, "but I had a sort of dream last night about—well, about different things."

"Were they nice things?" Arminel desired to know.

"Rather jolly—in a way," said Herbert judicially. "I'll tell it you if you like."

Arminel, who was reclining ensconced among cushions in a low wicker-chair before the fire, the flickering light of which lit up the gathering dusk pleasantly, the toe of one little polished shoe resting on the rim of the fender, her head tilted back, her eyes, half closed, fixed lazily on the leaping flames, indicated by the merest gesture that she was prepared to listen.

Herbert sat upright on a high chair at right-angles to her, balancing an empty tea-cup in his hand.

"Ripping luck," he murmured, "finding you alone this afternoon. No visitors either. I felt sure your dear mother would be in—"

"She'll be back soon," said Arminel encouragingly, "and papa too. He had a committee meeting to attend at the House."

"I expect they'll both be jolly pleased to find me here with you," ventured Herbert, in a voice which somewhat discounted the conviction of his words.

"I think you'd better go before they come," counselled Arminel sweetly. "It doesn't seem quite proper for you to be having tea with me all alone like this."

Herbert put down his cup with a resigned air. "If you mean by that that you *want* me to go—" he began, and paused for the contradiction. Arminel, however, said nothing, but smiled.

"Anyhow, I won't go," continued Herbert firmly, "till I've told you my dream."

"Then you had better begin at once," warned Arminel, "for there'll be an awful row if father finds you here. You know he thoroughly disapproves of your, of our—that is, of me and you getting too intimate."

"It's too late for him to disapprove now," said Herbert gloomily. "The mischief's done. We are hopelessly intimate already."

"There is time to sever," Arminel informed him tragically.

"Well, we'll think about that presently," replied Herbert in cheerier accents. "It really was rather an extraordinary dream."

Arminel nestled deeper in the cushions, and, with her elbow on the arm of the chair, rested her cheek pensively on her hand.

"I suppose I'd better hear it," she murmured, with a studied absence of enthusiasm. "Though," she added, "I thought you once told me you never dreamed—that it was a sign of indigestion, or something—"

"I only dream on special occasions," explained Herbert with dignity. "That's why my dreams are always worth listening to afterwards. Pharaoh's were nothing to them."

"Then tell," said Arminel. "Remember that we've only got about ten minutes more before they get back."

"It will take very nearly ten minutes to tell it properly," remarked Herbert, glancing at the clock. "Are you ready?"

"Quite," said Arminel, luxuriously closing her eyes.

"Well then, I dreamt there was a man—oh, I must explain that this dream is about somebody else mostly, at any rate at the start—"

"How stupid!" was Arminel's comment.

"It is rather idiotic," admitted Herbert; "but it gets more

interesting towards the finish. Haven't you noticed that dreams often do?"

"That's two minutes gone," she observed. "And I can't say that I have."

"Well, they do," insisted Herbert doggedly. "At least, mine do. Anyway, this one does. Are you listening?"

"Of course. How can I help it, when you talk so loud? Who was the man? Was he good-looking?"

"It struck me," replied Herbert, with an air of strict impartiality, "that he was. A rather tall, well-set-up fellow of about twenty-seven, with a fine open cast of countenance and a short brown moustache—"

"Oh!" ejaculated Arminel, sitting up and regarding him dubiously.

"Not at all," said Herbert. "You quite mistake. A mere resemblance, possibly, that's all. . . . Well, the whole thing, you must understand, was a kind of cinematograph. I could see this splendid man and the girl—"

"Girl!" echoed Arminel, wriggling out of her cushions. "Was there a girl, too?"

"Of course there was! There would be no fun if there hadn't been a girl, would there?"

"That depends on what sort of a girl it was," retorted Arminel, surveying him a little sternly.

"Oh, rather a jolly sort of girl," Herbert informed her, with a conscientious effort to recall details. "Let's see. Slight, beautiful figure, hair a kind of wavy auburn—"

"Darker than that," corrected Arminel. "At least—"

"Perhaps you are right. Just a shade darker, possibly. . . . Clear, creamy complexion—soft hazel eyes—nose a wee bit turned up—"

"Nothing of the kind," interposed Arminel. "Quite straight!"

"Am I dreaming this, or are you?" demanded Herbert severely.

"Oh, go on, then. Had she by any chance a crooked mouth?"

"No," said Herbert, reflecting. "No; an awfully nice, kissable little mouth—short upper lip—small, regular teeth—long eye-lashes—"

"Like mine?" Arminel wished to be informed.

"Rather like yours. These accidental resemblances *do* occur sometimes in dreams. . . . Well, as I was saying, they met one afternoon at the National Gallery—in one of the side rooms; don't you know, which happened at the time to be empty, except for an attendant asleep at the other end—"

"Do you mean the room we once—oh, I was forgetting," said Arminel, hastily checking herself. "Go on."

"Now I come to think of it, I believe we did—once," remarked Herbert, knitting his brows. "Odd coincidence, wasn't it? Anyhow, there they were, right enough."

"And may I ask," demanded Arminel coldly, "what they were doing?—not that I'm in the least interested to know."

"Naturally not. They were staring at a large picture by one of those funny old Dutch masters who had such a genius for painting ugly females."

"If that's all they were doing," put in Arminel, with cold scorn, "it's the silliest dream I ever heard."

"It certainly doesn't sound very exciting so far," acquiesced Herbert penitently. "In fact, I didn't think much of it myself at the time, but it worked up wonderfully as it went on."

"Then supposing you skip the dull part?" suggested Arminel.

(Continued overleaf.)



## GOLFERS GROTESQUED — BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



## VII.—THE SMITER: EDWARD RAY.

Edward Ray, of Scarborough Golf Club, Ganton, was born in Jersey in 1878. He played for England against Scotland in seven years, and was selected for an eighth. He was runner-up in the "News of the World" Tournament in 1903; tied for the eighth place in the Open Championship in 1906; was third in the Open Championship of France in 1906; in 1907 was runner-up to Arnaud Massy in the Cannes Tournament, and tied with Braid for fifth place in the Open Championship; and last year was again fifth in the Open Championship; this to name some of his successes. He drives a very long ball. His pipe is one of his conspicuous features.

"Very well. After staring at the picture for half-an-hour or so, they sat down and began to talk——"

"About time, too!" interjected Arminel in a contemptuous aside.

"Have you," asked Herbert, fixing his glance reproachfully on her, "have you never heard of the eloquence of silence? That half-an-hour's quiet staring was only a sort of preparation for what was to follow. Directly they sat down they got to work at once. He clasped her hand——"

"I don't believe she let him do anything of the kind!" declared Arminel vehemently.

"Well, he did, anyhow. If he hadn't done, how could I possibly have seen him do it?" protested Herbert in a pained voice.

"She pulled it away, of course?"

"Yes; but he soon got it again. He evidently had something important to tell her, and was anxious that she shouldn't run off in the middle, you see. 'Look here,' I heard him say—isn't it odd how plainly you can hear yourself and other people talking in dreams? I never missed a single word!"

"If he said nothing better than that, you wouldn't have missed much if you had," snapped Arminel.

"He did—later. Those were only his first words. 'Look here, sweetheart,' he said, 'things have been going pretty rottenly for us up till now——'"

"O—oh!" exclaimed Arminel, with newly awakened interest. "They were lovers, then?"

"I began to suspect they must be something of the kind," Herbert admitted cautiously. "Where was I? You interrupt so."

"'Rottenly up till now,'" prompted Arminel. "So they have. Go on. It's getting a little less stupid."

"I'm glad you think so," said Herbert stiffly. "I've no doubt you could have dreamt it much better yourself; but please remember that I was doing my best. Eh? Oh, yes. 'Jolly rottenly,' the girl answered sadly. 'Everything seems hopeless. If only you weren't so poor!' 'I'm poor, but frightfully honest,' said the man in heartbroken tones. 'I have only my salary from the Admiralty and my own private income, which together amount to about four hundred and fifty pounds a year. I suppose we can't marry on that!'"

"And what did the girl say?" inquired Arminel, with an abstracted expression.

"What do you think she said?"

"No, I suppose not—something like that?"

"Those were her very words!" exclaimed Herbert, in amazement. "How ever could you guess?"

"Any sensible girl would be sure to say them," Arminel pointed out.

"Still, it was merely a *supposition*," explained Herbert judiciously. "The man simply said, 'I suppose we can't'—he might, of course, have been wrong. Personally, I am not sure that he wasn't. Many people have married on even less than four hundred and fifty a year——"

"Not people like us—I mean, like the man and girl at the National Gallery," objected Arminel.

"I didn't notice anything unusual about them," said Herbert, "except that they were awfully good-looking, especially the man; but, of course, if the girl happened to have selfish and extravagant notions——"

"I haven't!" broke in Arminel. "How dare you say that she was selfish and extravagant! Besides, you know perfectly well that——"

"It was only a dream," expostulated Herbert. "My own opinion is that the girl was quite ready to marry the man, but the man seemed to think that it wouldn't be quite fair to persuade her to do so—under the circumstances. You see, the girl's parents were rich, and she had always been accustomed to every kind of luxury. He pointed that out to her."

"Oh, did he? And what was her reply, pray?"

"Her reply was, 'You are, alas! right. I should never make a poor man's wife, nor would you like me to be one. We are both too unselfish to wish the other to face poverty for either's sake. We love each other much too much for that.' I must explain that by this time they were sitting very close together, and the girl's head was resting on the man's shoulder, while her tear-stained eyes gazed up into his with a far-away, wistful expression——"

"A sort of dreamy expression, no doubt?" put in Arminel sarcastically.

"Yes, a kind of sad happy look. You see, it was their last meeting (so she imagined), and they had decided—subject to any subsequent modification of plan, of course—to sever."

"Why couldn't they go on being friends?" asked Arminel weakly.

"Well, now, it's the most extraordinary thing in the world," exclaimed Herbert, "but that's precisely what the girl asked the man when he first mentioned severing. In fact, they discussed the point for some time, and then they both came to the conclusion that just being friends and nothing more wouldn't be much fun. To begin with, friends don't, as a rule, kiss each other, and they had rather got into the habit lately of——"

"What a fearful story!" cried Arminel, flaming. "It's—oh, go on. I forgot it was only a silly dream."

"It was a bit silly, wasn't it?" agreed Herbert mildly. "So the friendship idea was off. They knew it couldn't possibly work. It

never does when two people love each other to distraction—as these two seemed to do. Obviously, therefore, the only thing was for them to sever."

"And . . . did they?" questioned Arminel, staring at the fire.

"They were on the point of doing so," Herbert informed her, "when a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. The man's arms were round the girl and they were both weeping softly, having decided, you understand, to part for ever—when suddenly the man's face brightened. He hastily brushed away the tears from his cheek with one hand and sat up. 'By the way,' he muttered, 'I forgot!' The girl, whose position had been a very comfortable one, looked at him reproachfully. 'You needn't have moved so quickly!' she complained. 'What have you forgotten? Not the theatre tickets, I hope.' The man glanced down at her with a smile of unutterable triumph. 'No,' he said. 'But I had forgotten that I am no longer what I was—a poor Admiralty clerk on four hundred a year. Look at me, sweetheart. Look long and earnestly, and know that you are gazing upon a real live earl!' 'An earl!' she exclaimed incredulously——"

"An earl?" echoed Arminel, straightening herself.

"An earl," repeated Herbert. "That was what the man said. I heard him distinctly. I was never more surprised in my life than when he said it. Nor was she. 'An earl!' she murmured again. 'An early real?—I mean, a real earl? Impossible. You're joking!' But apparently he was doing nothing of the kind. It seems he actually had come into a title of that sort quite unexpectedly. Bit of luck, wasn't it?"

"These things," sighed Arminel slowly, "do happen sometimes—in dreams!"

"They do. And at last, when the girl realised that the man was positively an earl, she looked up at him and smiled. 'That makes an awful difference, doesn't it?' she asked. 'None' he assured her. 'I love you just the same—even more. But——' He broke off with a sigh, and she sighed too—for the same thought had struck both of them simultaneously."

"And what was that?" demanded Arminel.

"The thought," explained Herbert, "that it had become the recognised practice for peers of the realm to marry Gaiety girls—a sort of unwritten law, in fact—and you see, the girl was nothing half so distinguished as that. She was merely an ordinary young lady of the upper class, whose father was a baronet. So, what was to be done?"

"She—she might have agreed to go on the stage?" suggested Arminel.

"She did propose it," said Herbert. "But the earl refused to entertain the idea for a moment. 'You might be a failure,' he objected, 'and I couldn't marry a failure. No, no. I've a better plan than that. I'll defy the recognised custom! In spite of prejudice and convention, I will marry the girl of my choice, though she be even not a member of the Gaiety chorus. That, after all, is her misfortune, not her fault, and she shall not suffer for it!'"

"And the girl," inquired Arminel—"what did the girl say to this magnanimous outburst?"

"She just sank into his arms," replied Herbert, "and said—well, what do you think?"

"I think you are a very silly boy, but rather nice, so I'll marry you—something like that?"

"Almost the very words she used!" declared Herbert, beaming. "And just at that moment the attendant strolled up, and I—awoke. Ripping dream, wasn't it?"

Arminel had turned reflectively to the fire again.

"Ah, Bertie, if it were only true!" she murmured. "Now you had better go. It's more than ten minutes, and they are sure to be back directly, and . . ."

Herbert leaned over and put his arm round her waist.

"It is true," he said. "I am an earl. I got the wire two hours ago. My cousin died on board, on his way from Australia. Poor Cassarel! Just after coming into his kingdom, too . . . and only thirty! . . . Arminel, I want you to be the Countess of Cassarel, dear!"

"But—but——" She turned wide, astonished eyes upon him. "I don't understand—I can't realise. . . . You—you, Bertie, the Earl of Cassarel?"

"Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, but I am!" laughed Lord Cassarel. "I was next-of-kin, you know, to old Arthur, my cousin. Nobody thought for a moment I should ever come into the title—least of all myself. But these things *do* happen sometimes—in real life!"

"Oh, Bertie," faltered Arminel, breathing rather quickly, "I can't believe it! I can't, indeed!"

"I have the telegram in my pocket," said Herbert. "Would you like to see it? All the world will know to-morrow. But—but I wanted you to know—first!"

They read the telegram together, Arminel's face very close to Herbert's, and his arm still round her waist; then suddenly there was the sound of voices in the hall below, and Lord Cassarel quickly bent and kissed Arminel's cheek.

"They've come!" he whispered tragically. "All is lost. If your enraged parents find me here——"

But Arminel lifted a rosy face to him and laughed queerly.

"I don't think it matters very much if they *do* find you here . . . now!" she breathed.





# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

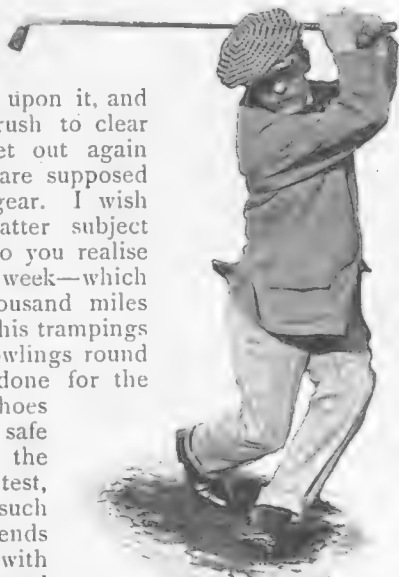
## Golfers' Winter Boots and Shoes.

It is clear that the really wet season has come down on us at last, and we have to make our arrangements and dispositions—particularly in the matter of apparel for the upper, middle, and lower parts of our bodies and limbs—accordingly. The other day I was golfing at the seaside on what is generally one of the driest courses in the world, the turf of which absorbs water in the most splendid fashion, and yet, after the heavy rain that we had endured, there was casual water lying in pools upon it, and the assistant greenkeeper came out with a brush to clear it from the home putting-green. So we get out again those golfing suits that keep out the wet, or are supposed to do, and we consider the matter of our footgear. I wish all golfers would really deliberate on this latter subject in the thorough way that they ought to do. Do you realise that the man who plays four rounds of golf a week—which is far from playing to excess—walks one thousand miles in the course of a year, allowing only a trifle for his trappings to the club-house and back again, and his prowlings round about the premises at lunch-time? This is done for the most part in one particular pair of boots or shoes kept specially for the purpose, and it is quite safe to say that no other boots or shoes owned by the same individual are put to anything like the test, or have so much to do with his comfort for such a long time. I have one pair of faithful friends in shoes that I have reckoned have gone along with me over links in many places for over two thousand miles, and various successors appointed to take their place have not yet succeeded in ousting them from favouritism. But the average golfer bestows no more attention on the selection of his boots and shoes for play than he does on his bedroom slippers; and as often as not he drafts into his service for this purpose a pair that have done their time for ordinary use, and if it were not for the golf would now be thrown away. This is very foolish and wrong.

## Hints and Requirements.

wet, to do the business thoroughly and with thought. The shoes should be specially made, and a first-class price, if necessary, should be given for them. The leather should be good and pliable—very pliable—and the fitting should be quite exact, with no play anywhere. A sense of firmness and security, that can come only through exact fitting, have far more influence upon the game than is played than most golfers realise. I do not think that any exaggeration of squareness of toe is by any means so necessary as some players

seem to fancy, nor, again, that great weight is essential even for winter play. A little smartness may be retained, and a light feeling on the feet is very advantageous to some golfers, particularly those who are lightly built. Then the mistake is often made of having too many big nails hammered into the soles, and in the wrong places. No such nails are needed down the middle of the soles, and their presence there is rather apt to hurt the feet. Again, except for levelling purposes, they are not necessary on the outside edges. It is on the inside edges that the gripping has to be done, and where the strain is felt, and here the nails should be much more plentiful than elsewhere. The heels should be well studded with them, and special attention should be given to the construction of those heels to suit the golfer's requirements. They should be as wide as it is possible to make them, so that they may bear flatly and firmly the weight of the body when it is thrown on to them, and they should be lower than the heels of ordinary shoes, in order to create a tendency for the weight to be so thrown on to them, making for security of the stance and regularity of the swing.



IN A BATEMAN ATTITUDE:  
BEN SAYERS SEN.

Ben Sayers sen., who beat Andrew Kirkaldy the other day, is here shown in one of those curious attitudes the photographer is fond of perpetuating. The snapshot, it will be noted, gives extra point to an illustration in our last issue—Mr. Bateman's "Golf" in the series "According to the Press Photographer."—[Photograph by M. Dixon.]

## Terrors of Bad Fittings.

The other day I was discussing some of these matters with a really clever and studious specialist in golfer's footwear, and he enlightened me on some points and nearly frightened me on others. It appears that in certain cases of improper fitting a peculiar crumpling up of the toes, called hammer-toes, is induced. No special inconvenience or discomfort from this may be experienced, but my man proceeded to show me that not only could the golfer's feet and toes not perform their functions properly when this distortion had been created, but that nerves in the corresponding hands and fingers were affected, and all kinds of troubles in the system generally might be created. Sleeplessness, he assured me, was often due to badly fitting boots and shoes. When you come to think of it, large numbers of golfers do continually complain of the insomnia that they suffer from after a long day on the links. Is it because

of the boots and shoes? My frightener said that it was a fine thing to rub the soles of the feet briskly with a soft brush for a few minutes after a day at the game. He has found out that I have got one hammer-toe of my own, and we are trying to get the beggar right again; and when it is so, who knows what may happen to the game? Golf is fine for its great discoveries and hopes.



"BOGGEY" 78: FONTAINEBLEAU'S NEW GOLF COURSE ON THE DAY OF ITS INAUGURATION.

The Société de Golf de Fontainebleau opened its new course the other day with matches in which Taylor, Braid, Vardon, and Sherlock opposed Massy, Gassiat, L. Tellier, Bamboudiac, and Goliat. The bogey for the course—or, as a French paper calls it, the Boggey—is 78.

## FRIVOLITIES

## OF PHRYNETTE

## THE HOPEFUL ENGLISH AND THE "BORN-TIRED" FRENCH.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London."*

I HAD been out on a soft, grey, velvety afternoon in November, and I had come home with a happy body, and that sort of vacuous serenity which is so rare, and only results from the chance harmony of everything. Rejoicing in my gentle fatigue, I dived in the sofa, felt and searched a long time for the perfect position, and, with a sigh of satisfied animalism, I opened a French newspaper. Tempting me was an article by a Frenchwoman with talent, youth, and a rather sad history. I read the article once rather quickly to follow the caprice of the woman; then read it once more slowly in appreciation of the accomplishment of the writer. And all my calm, contemptible content was gone!

The article was not a sad one, and it was not written in a depressing manner. On the contrary, it was bright, sharp, fine, and incisive—so is a bistoury. Then I

understood why it was that ladies' journals and college authorities in France are so fond of giving translations from English asserrals and prize books. It is not because all French literature is unfit for the young and the innocent, but because there is in the English writing a something conducive to mental ease and to a prolonged youthfulness. The English writer's view is somewhat like this: life is all right, it has got to be all right or else we won't write about it. There is nothing more false than to

describe the English character as hypocritical. It is not hypocritical, it is wrapped up in a tremendous optimism. The realistic writer in England, after saddening you with life and its diseases, invariably comforts you with a hopeful "but," and, with an obvious finger, points out the remedy. He believes there is a remedy, and he is very anxious that you should believe it, too—more anxious, indeed, on your account. The French know there is no remedy, and do not think it worth while inventing one. The Englishman, in fact, is not a realist at all, but a reformer, while the Frenchman does not think that there is a moral to immorality. Right and wrong—as we have nicknamed them, because we don't know their real names—together with their kith and kin, their doubles, their twin-brothers, brothers, half-brothers, have all been created together, and have to hobnob and live and die together; and the only comfort we can feel about it, we poor humans, is that we are not responsible for the muddle. There is between the English opinion and the French on life, and consequently in their respective literatures, the difference there is between the shoulder that pushes in hope and the shoulder that shrugs. The shrug of the French does not denote insouciance, as people

will believe, but a smooth callousness, an admission of helplessness. It means, "It is so, it was meant to be so; no effort could prevent it, and, if it could, I am incapable of that effort." *Joie de vivre* is a French expression, but it is not a French feeling. The French have no joy.

There is no joy in their books, nor on their stage, nor in their soul—there is fun, there is irony, there is gaiety. They are a tired race, they are born tired, with an old brain and sharp eyesight—there is not much joy to be seen if one sees clearly. Faith and rest (by faith I mean human, not religious faith) are not to be found in modern French thought, whether expressed in books or plays. There is no rest—there is apathy. There are no illusions, except deliberate ones, which are not really illusions, but trimmings. I have heard it said that French realism is, in reality, cynicism. Cynicism is nothing else than appalling lucidity. What one sees with eyes closed is much prettier; and there are people, chiefly in England, who guide themselves more safely by keeping their eyes closed.

"The English magazines amuse me vastly," a friend (French, of course) said to me once; "they are all advertisements and happy endings." They want you to believe the first, and they want themselves to believe in the latter, with all their British energy. They are very ambitious, the English; they are not satisfied with the humour of life—they want happiness as well, and I believe they get it. Why not? It's easier to humbug oneself than to humbug others, if one has self-confidence. When I read an English book, I like it or I don't like it; it interests me or it does not; and there is an end of it. When I read a French book (neither feuilleton nor blue putrefaction) it leaves me unhappy; or, rather, it lets me see that I am not happy, and that most other people are still less happy than I. I feel as if I had been forced into a visit to the slums, with nothing in my pockets, and with the consciousness that, even if I had, it would make very little difference.

The French literature is full of derisive resignation. It's not the resignation of the Oriental who bows to fate, it's not the resignation of the dog which licks the hand that beats him (that's the only thing I don't like about the dog), it's not the resignation of the ignorant Russian peasantry—it's the recognition that there never will be peace on earth because of the ill-will of man; and exertion does not appeal to the French spirit, particularly that of a Don Quixote or Sisyphus. There is a perverse satisfaction in laughing at things that hurt you—and that is Gallic humour.



ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE HON. ERIC THESIGER, MISS DÉSIRÉE THESIGER.

Little Miss Désirée's father is the youngest of Lord Chelmsford's three brothers, was formerly a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria, and served in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry during the war. Her mother, whose marriage took place in 1904, was formerly known as Miss Pearl Coupland, daughter of Mr. John Coupland. Miss Désirée Thesiger was born in 1908, three years after her only brother, Osric.

*Photograph by Bassano.*



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL MICHAÏLOVITCH, COUNTESS ANASTASIA (ZIA) TORBY.

The marriage of the Grand Duke Michael and Sophie, Countess of Merenberg (afterwards created Countess Torby), took place at Geneva on May 20, 1891. Their daughter Anastasia was born in 1892; their daughter Nadejda, in 1896; and their son Michael in 1898.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



STOP-EVENTS MEYER: THE REV. F. B. MEYER.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, Minister of Regent's Park Chapel, and one of the ablest of Nonconformist leaders, has been very prominent of late in connection with the stopping of the Johnson-Wells fight, and still more recently in connection with a music-hall turn to which he took objection.

*Photograph by Haines.*



SUB-LIEUTENANT F. E. HEWLETT, R.N.

Mr. Hewlett is serving on the "Invincible." He secured his pilot's certificate after only two lessons in airman'ship at the school run at Brooklands by his mother, Mrs. Maurice Hewlett (wife of the famous novelist), and M. Blondeau.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Aviation's Death-Roll.

A French contemporary which devotes a considerable amount of attention to aviation, and has promoted one or more big flying competitions, gives a full list of the unhappy men who have lost their



THE BOAT WHICH IS TO BE REPLACED BY A PETROL-ENGINE-DRIVEN FERRY: ROWING A MOTOR-CAR ACROSS THE OLD FERRY AT BALLACHULISH.

Our correspondent writes: "I have seen it stated recently that at the instigation of the Scottish A.C., the Ballachulish Ferry lessees have agreed to replace the present rowing-boat by a ferry driven by a paraffin engine, which will greatly facilitate the loading and unloading of cars at all conditions of tides, &c. It is somewhat important to note that the Ballachulish Ferry links the South with the North-West Islands, and a vast number of tourists will receive the news of the proposed improvement with joy, as one will see that the present mode of transit across Loch Leven is extremely rural. It is also interesting to note that the rainfall at Ballachulish is heavier than in any part of the United Kingdom, having an average of 83 inches."—[Photograph by A. G. Smith.]

lives since 1854 in the solution and development of the flying problem. The first fatality was that of Lesur, in London, on June 27, 1854; the next, again in London, De Groof in 1874. The year 1908 claimed but one victim—Lieutenant Selfridge at Fort Myers; 1909, three—all Frenchmen. In 1910 the death-roll rose to thirty, including two Englishmen—the Hon. C. S. Rolls and poor Cecil Grace; while this year, 1911, no fewer than sixty-seven men fell in battle with the air. Of these, three only were Englishmen. Death has indeed been busy amongst aviators during this year, and it remains to be seen if in the year to come the science of aeroplane construction will have advanced sufficiently to stem this terrible loss of valuable lives. Reviewing this appalling list of aviation victims, one is forced to remark upon the present apathy of the public with regard to such fatalities, and to contrast it with the hysterical condition of public opinion after the comparatively few deaths which have taken place in connection with motor-racing.

Those contemplating Christmas Dunhill's Motorities. presents of a most acceptable character to their motoring friends should obtain from Messrs. Alfred Dunhill, Ltd., a copy of a most engrossingly interesting booklet, in which these specialists in motoring equipment describe and illustrate most, if not all, the motorities they offer. This dainty little work is divided into sections: the first dealing with ladies' motor-coats; the second with motoring millinery; the third with gentlemen's coats; the fourth with chauffeurs' liveries; the fifth with motoring footwear, rugs, and goggles; and the remainder with the innumerable accessories which comprise all the novelties and improvements known to motoring.

Two J. and L. Tests. It is quite clear that Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., of 45, Great Marlborough Street, have the courage of the productions they represent. This well-known firm handle, amongst other things, the Lorraine-Dietrich cars, and the C.J.L. Mira Magnetolite Electric Car Lighting Set, both of which

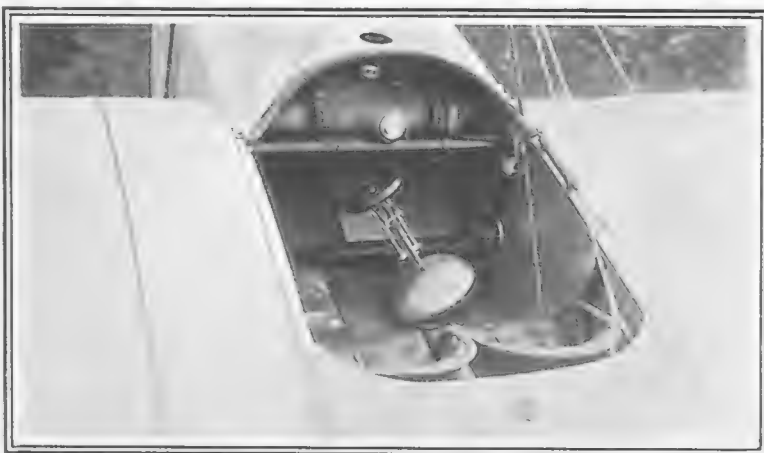
they lately submitted to two searching tests by the Technical Department of the Royal Automobile Club. In the case of the car, a 20.1-h.p. De Dietrich, this vehicle was sent a trip of 7000.5 miles over the well-known radiating Club routes, during which 350.837 gallons of petrol were consumed, equalling a consumption of 19.95 miles per gallon, which—with a 90 mm. by 130 mm. four-cylinder engine, and a car loaded, weighing no less than 1 ton 17 cwt. 25 lb.—is a highly creditable performance. Beyond oiling and greasing and the change of one sparking-plug, no work whatever was done upon the car. In the matter of the Electric Lighting Set, this was run a total distance of 3581 miles, all lamps being on for 97 hours 51 min., and upon dismantling the installation at the conclusion of the trial, all the parts were found in a good and satisfactory condition.

## Motor-Cycles at Olympia.

On Monday last there opened at Olympia another exhibition, in which, or in a part of which, all motorists must be more or less interested. A very large portion of the floor of the great building at West Kensington is occupied by the stands of motor-cycle manufacturers, who exhibit machines towards the development and construction of which as much thought, care, and ingenuity have been devoted as have gone to the production and perfection of the modern motor-car. Only those who are intimately acquainted with the industry and the pastime realise the astounding state of efficiency, durability, and comfort to which motor-cycles have been brought, and of what really marvellous performances in the matter of speed and hill-climbing they are capable to-day. The motor-car owner should show some respect to these wonderful little vehicles, for automobilism practically originated with motor-cycles. Both Gottlieb Daimler and the Comte De Dion built and ran motor-cycles before they turned their attention to cars.

The attention of the Royal Automobile Club has been drawn to the reckless manner in which a number of cars have been recently driven on the Brighton Road—particularly on the length between Crawley and Brighton. On this section of this favourite highway several foundation improvements are being carried out. The work is being done with as little inconvenience to traffic as possible, half the road being free, and efficiently guarded and lighted at night. The Club desires to impress upon all motorists the absolute necessity for driving their cars in a proper manner, or to see that their cars are so driven. This is an appeal which I hope will be taken to heart by every motorist who reads it. There is more inconsiderate driving on the Brighton Road than on any other highway leading from the Metropolis. The Club would be doing good work if they instituted a few prosecutions on their own account.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE NEW 70-H.P. BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE, SHOWING THE PILOT'S SEAT AND THE PASSENGER'S SEAT SIDE BY SIDE, AND THE "CLOCHE" STEERING-WHEEL.

The aeroplane is fitted with a Gnome engine. The method of controlling the Blériot monoplane is most simple, and is by a "cloche" system. In front of the pilot is a column surmounted by a fixed wheel, which serves as a handle. This column terminates in a bell-shaped base, which surrounds the pivot on which the column is mounted. The pivot allows of movement of the column in any direction. Cables run from the "cloche" to the various organs of control.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



DEMONSTRATING THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE GLEN CURTISS HYDRO-AEROPLANE: CHARLES WITMER, THE AMERICAN AIRMAN, EXHIBITING THE DEVICE ON THE HUDSON RIVER. Additional interest attaches to the photograph from the fact that it shows United States warships at anchor during the great naval review which took place recently before President Taft.

Photograph by International News Service.



BY CAPTAIN COE.

**Manchester Handicap.**

Unlike many recent handicaps, the weights for the Manchester November did not have to undergo alteration on account of the top-weights going out on acceptance. Sir Martin was awarded 9 st. 5 lb., and shortly before he was backed so significantly at Derby last Wednesday it was known that he stood his ground in the race under notice. Nine stone five pounds has never been carried to victory over the Castle Irwell track; but in the old days at New Barns Belphebe won under 9 st. 5 lb., Corrie Roy under 9 st. 10 lb., and Carlton under 9 st. 12 lb., while Ravensbury and St. Maclou each won under 9 st. 4 lb. All those horses were of the classic stamp, and it is a matter for discussion whether Sir Martin does

not come under that description. It would not surprise me in the least to see him putting up a great fight. Trepida seems to have too much weight, but it must be admitted that she has thoroughly earned the 9 st. awarded her. The Manton stable only have two in the race—quite a modest number in the light of recent handicaps. They are Mirador and King Midas, and whereas the former is on the 8 st. 7 lb. mark, the latter keeps Dalmatian company at 8 st. 4 lb., in spite of the fact that the American succeeded in giving King Midas 1 lb. and a length beating at Newmarket. Coastwise is rather too high up in the handicap with 7 st. 11 lb., I fancy; and Cigar has been consistently disappointing since he left Ireland. Another that was bred in the Emerald Isle, however—Shanballymore—I have a great regard for. Shortly after arriving in England he ran in the Prince Edward Handicap, and at the distance of Saturday's race was leading. When it is remembered that he was conceding Papa-vero no less

owners' list, and Mr. J. B. Joel is bound to come next, their totals being something over £42,000 and £34,000 respectively. Most of Lord Derby's sum has been won by good horses; but, as often happens when a man is what is called "in luck," the balance was swollen considerably by three very bad horses—namely, Persephone, Eugenia filly, and The Tabard. Lord Derby has had a wonderful season, yet it has been tinged with disappointment. It was fondly hoped and believed that King William was up to classic standard, but from various causes he failed in the Derby and the St. Leger. Hair Trigger II., too, was believed to be in the top class of her sex, and one cannot readily forget how she was backed to win the One Thousand Guineas. She failed in that, as she did in the Oaks, so that Lord Derby went through the season without scoring in the classic races—an unusual experience, and a unique one, I should say, for a man who wins such a large sum in stake-money in one season. The principal contributor to Mr. J. B. Joel's total is Sunstar, and practically all his winnings in stakes are through the medium of Sundridge horses. The sire named easily heads the list in his department, his progeny having won £33,000, or £14,000 more than those got by Persimmon, who is second. William the Third, John o' Gaunt, and Chaucer, next on the list, are indebted mainly to Willonyx and King William and Swynford and Stedfast for their positions. It is more than possible that the last-named will turn out to be a great horse next year. He has won more in stakes than any other horse this season, his erstwhile stable companion, Swynford, being second, and Sunstar third. Of the trio, Stedfast alone remains in training. Of the breeders, Mr. J. B. Joel takes top position, with Lord Derby second, and the late Lord Derby third.

**MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.**

Warwick, to-day: November Hurdle, Pot, Milverton Nursery, Gnu; Daventry Plate, Ask Papa. Manchester, to-morrow: Eglinton Nursery, Fancy Nurse; Delamere Handicap, Cæsar; Brackley Handicap, Noorna; the Rothschild Plate, Newmarket. Friday: Flying Handicap,

**DONOR OF £10,000 TO THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE: MR. JAMES BUCHANAN.**

Mr. Buchanan promised the Tariff Reform League £2000 for five years on Mr. Bonar Law's election as leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons. The donor of the gift is the head of the well-known firm of Scottish distillers, and, of course, an ardent Tariff Reformer.

*Photo. by Sport and General.*



THE ONLY CLERICAL MASTER OF FOX-HOUNDS AND HUNTSMAN IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE REV. EDGAR ASTLEY MILNE, WHO HAS BEEN MASTER OF THE CATTISTOCK FOR ELEVEN SEASONS.

Mr. Milne, who was ordained deacon in 1896 and priest in the following year, was curate of Ashted, Surrey, from 1886 until 1890, and rector of Shenley, Bucks, from 1890 until 1901. During his first seven seasons as Master the Cattistock accounted for no fewer than 1200 foxes. He is also huntsman of the pack.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

than 15 lb. it can be seen what a good chance he has. He can meet King Midas on 5 lb. better terms, and as he is likely to make more improvement in ratio—being a three-year-old—I fancy he will beat the Manton horse. Accurate has come back to her best form, but Helot will find the distance too far. Mr. Sievier says his horse is a good miler, and we may hear of him again about Lincoln time. Fomelhault is an Irish horse that is almost sure to win a good handicap, but the only way of finding out when, is to keep a sharp eye on the market. Ultimius is a fine-looking horse, and one that may easily have been underrated. Of the limit brigade, either Donnez-Moi, Count Oso, or St. Crispin might create a surprise. My selection for the race will be found under "Monday Tips."

The Season of 1910. In two or three days' time we shall have the complete statistics of the flat-race season for 1910. They will differ in detail, of course, from those I have before me at the time of writing, but the positions of the leaders in all the departments were practically settled some time since. Lord Derby is bound to be at the head of the winning



BRUSHING UP ST. JAMES'S PARK: CLEANING THE LAKE.

At the moment of writing, St. James's Park has a somewhat desolate air, for the lake is waterless, a small army of men being engaged in cleaning it out—an annual task.—[Photograph by W.G.P.]

Bobbin II.; Ellesmere Handicap, Battle Axe; Lancashire Nursery, Cathay. Saturday: November Handicap, Shanballymore or Sir Martin; Worsley Nursery, Redwood; Final Plate, Hornet's Beauty.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Modern Disapproval of Parents.**

So few children, nowadays, approve of their parents, or even find them congenial, that the whole question of family life is approaching an acute stage. It must be admitted that the young generation takes a somewhat haughty tone; it has no idea of compromise; it makes no allowances; it altogether fails to understand the parents' point of view. Occasionally you may hear sons and daughters talk of their progenitors with a kind of icy friendliness, or a suave condescension which is worse than open hostility. The plight of the unfortunate fathers and mothers is a parlous one. Never in the history of the world have the elders made so many concessions, and yet the children are by no means grateful. It is, in fact, as in times of revolution; the more the privileged classes concede, the more bitter do the recipients become. The Russian Nihilists thanked the Tsar who emancipated the serfs by reducing him to a shapeless mass with a bomb. The young generation of Anglo-Saxons seem determined to destroy the last vestige of authority in that much-vaunted sanctuary, the Home. Sometimes the male parent sees the humour of the situation, and soothes his natural annoyance by a system of suave irony towards his offspring. This, however, is an attitude which no mother adopts, perhaps because she is instinctively a more sympathetic and understanding parent, and is anxious to keep in touch with the youthful forces which will presently rule the world. One cannot help feeling that it would be graceful of the young generation not to make their iron hand felt too soon. Mr. John Galsworthy has recently declared that Nature avenges any neglect or derision on the part of children, by making them suffer, in their turn, when they are elderly parents. At the rate we are going, the child of 1925 will be a remarkable specimen of the human biped.

**The Taxi Habit.**

The amazing result of the recent cab strike is that the people who had succumbed to the taxi habit have lost it, and now go about breezily in motor-bus or tube, saving untold silver, and rejoicing in the achievement. At the first set-out they were very much annoyed with the chauffeurs for depriving them of their darling means of locomotion, but they soon found out that you can get about London with extraordinary celerity, by omnibus and electric railway. That excessively wealthy Peer and "last of the Whigs," the late Duke of Devonshire, was in the habit of going about town in the underground railway or slow horse omnibus, and I personally know one or two very busy and wealthy men who loudly announce their intention of dropping the new-fangled taxi habit altogether, and of emulating "the Duke" in his economical habits. The truth is the chauffeurs were arrogant because they were spoiled; the "taxi habit" had become a mania, and they imagined they had the population of London at their beck

and call. They will find out that it takes people a brief few days to drop an expensive habit, and that to deprive the whole population of a vast world-city of cabs in one of the busiest months of the year is not the way to make yourself popular, much less indispensable.

**Unsuitable for Britons.**

The helpless middle and upper-middle classes seem nowadays at the mercy of Demos, and they are curiously apathetic and inarticulate on questions which directly affect their own peace, comfort, and economy. For English folk of strictly moderate means (and their

name is legion) the new servant stamp is not only a puzzling and annoying mode of collecting a tax, but so German in its method as to be utterly unsuited to our national idiosyncrasies. Just when we were all getting on more sympathetic terms with our "maids," we are to have this curiously Teutonic method of squeezing money out of them thrust upon us. There are many admirable things in the Fatherland which we should, no doubt, do well to copy; but this stamp-sticking business—which must inevitably occasion domestic friction—is not one of them. Everything is done by rule and rote in the lands beyond the Rhine, and the German is a docile creature, accustomed to obey petty laws which the Briton would resent to the uttermost. Then, again, the middle-class German household is conducted on wholly different lines from ours; the wife is often a kind of upper-servant, and the "Fräuleins" who come in to cook, clean, and sew are often of the same class as herself. Moreover, they are not perpetually on the move, like our own professional middle classes. Their holiday is taken once a year, in summer time, and there is none of the perpetual week-ending, the running

off to Switzerland in mid-winter, the Eastering at Folkestone, which make of our moderately well-off class a vagrant population, unable, at fixed dates, to be occupied in sticking stamps on cards.

**The First Whiff in the West.**

It is a singular fact that though tobacco was brought back from America by that picturesque Elizabethan hero, Sir Walter Raleigh, the first whiff of smoke issuing from the lips of an American woman in a public restaurant went up the other day, and, curiously enough, not in smart and Europeanised New York, but in the beautiful Quaker city of Philadelphia. It took, of course, a well-known millionairess, backed by a husband, to perpetrate this "outrage" on the Transatlantic proprieties; but such is the prestige of extreme wealth over there that we are told that waiters and managers were alike stricken dumb. Quite possibly this determined cigarette-smoker may conquer the national prejudice against feminine smoking. Here in Europe we are so used to seeing the cigarette in the fingers of both sexes that we have quite forgotten to be shocked at the spectacle.



GRACES THREE: THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS.

The left-hand figure wears a dinner dress in pliant old-red velvet, edged with sable, and a fichu of Venice lace embroidered over with gold; the lower part of the dress and train are in gold-embroidered soft gauze. The central figure is dressed in an evening gown of willow-green crêpe de Chine, fringed with silk, and a short Empire tunic embroidered with pearls and inlaid with wreaths of roses. The right-hand figure has a dress of soft satin in rose de Bengal, trimmed with ochred Venice lace, the skirt forming a crossed tunic. The bodice has small revers, and has sleeves trimmed with marabout.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 27.*

## THE STOCK MARKETS.

THE improvement disclosed by the Bank Return pleased everybody, but the position has been strengthened rather by a contraction of the internal circulation than by any large influx of gold from abroad. The net result was an addition to the Reserve of over a million, and that item now stands at £26,035,324, against £24,891,269 a year ago, which is satisfactory; and the result has been that discounts are distinctly easier.

Sentiment, that indefinable something which so powerfully sways the Stock Exchange (and every other market in the world), seems to be more optimistic than for some time past, and, given a little relief from the long series of troubles at home and abroad, we think that there should soon be a revival of business all round.

The Southern Nigerian issue and the coming Chilean Loan have tended to restrict buying of Consols and gilt-edged securities, but in all other departments a better tone has prevailed during the last week.

The decision of the miners' delegates, the improving reports from the railwaymen, and good traffics have combined to help Home Rails, and have induced a little public support: prices are appreciably higher, Great Western being  $1\frac{3}{4}$  up at 121 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Great Eastern  $1\frac{1}{2}$  at 68 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Rhodesians have been the brightest spot among mines, and show a number of advances. Tanganyika are  $\frac{7}{8}$  up at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ , having been supported upon rumours that 200,000 shares have been placed at £2. West African Tin issues have been very firm.

In the Miscellaneous Market shipping shares have been very active; Union Castles are quoted at 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ , being six points higher. Rubbers have been a little better now that the liquidation from the East has stopped, but Oils have been very dull, and rumours of troubles in the North and of the renewal of the war with the Standard Oil Trust have sent Shells down to 81s. 6d.

## THE TELEPHONE PURCHASE.

The terms upon which the Government will acquire the National Telephone Company at the end of this year are a continual source of market gossip, and the estimates vary from week to week; but, except in the innermost circle, nothing definite is known. At the moment it is said that the price will work out at about 140 for the Deferred stock, and hence the rise in price which has been going on during the last few days. The market is very active, and also, we may say, very tricky. Unless our readers have, or think they have, special information, they would do well to let the gamble alone.

## CHINESE BONDS.

The firmness of Chinese Bonds during the Revolution has been one of the most satisfactory features of the situation in the Far East, and points to the general belief that, whatever happens, the Powers will take care that the present security for the various loans is not permanently disturbed. During the last few days the continued talk of default caused by the impossibility of carrying on business amid the clash of arms has brought prices down by fractions, and we are told that the payment of the coupons on the Russo-French Loan of 1895 will have to be postponed; but the Loan is guaranteed by the Russian Government, and the next payment of interest is not due till Jan. 1, so that much may happen before that time.

There has also been talk of failure to pay over the monthly instalment of interest in connection with the Anglo-German Loan of 1898, which is secured in a very ample manner by the deposit of Customs Likin Bonds available for the payment of customs and likin duties all over China.

It may be that in some cases the payment of current interest will be delayed, but beyond the inconvenience thus caused we do not consider there is any real danger. If the fractional falls continue, the Chinese Loans may present a good opportunity for the careful investor to pick up bargains, and the situation and markets should be carefully watched.

## LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES.

We recently drew attention to the Common shares of the Port of Para Company, which have risen to 42; and now from the same source we hear good accounts of the progress made by the Manaos Tramways and Light Company.

The Ordinary shares have been introduced to the market during the last few days, and are now quoted about 16s. 6d. No dividend has yet been paid on them, as all available earnings have been utilised in reconstructions and in strengthening the reserves; but now the system is completed, and, on the basis of current figures, there should be something over 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares available after paying all fixed charges for the directors to deal with in their next report. Although we do not suggest that this amount will be distributed, the shares look considerably undervalued at their present price.

Another similar Company which is doing well is the Cordoba Light, Power, and Traction Company. A 4 per cent. dividend has been declared for the year ending Sept. 30, against 3 per cent. for the previous year and 2 per cent. for 1908-9. The shares stand at 18s., and so return about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which is not a very high rate, but the prospects are excellent; the demand for electric light and power are both increasing, and a new tramway concession has just been acquired. An issue of 200,000 £1 shares was made not long ago; but this money can be profitably employed in extensions, and the 1911-12 dividend will probably be nearer five than four per cent.

## ANOTHER NITRATE REPORT.

The Report of the London Nitrate Company adds another to the list of excellent returns made recently, and the directors must feel considerable satisfaction in being able to declare a final dividend of 12s. 6d., making 20s. in all, against 15s. last year, as their progressive policy is thus fully vindicated. The new officina, erected a few years ago at Transito, now justifies its existence, and the installation of Diesel engines seems to be an unqualified success, since it has resulted in a saving of fuel estimated at £1500 a year.

The £5 shares are only £2 10s. paid up, so the dividend is 40 per cent.; but it is now proposed to ask the shareholders' sanction to make a call of the 50s. outstanding, which is to be paid by bonus out of reserve. It is also proposed to split the present £5 shares into £1 shares.

## THE UNITED MALAYSIAN RUBBER COMPANY.

Shareholders in this Company have had the unpleasant experience of watching the price of the shares dwindle away until they now stand at about 2s. 6d., and the recently issued report is, at first sight, hardly calculated to inspire confidence: a large quantity of rubber has been produced, but it has been produced at a heavy loss. The directors, however, express confidence in the future, and consider that "the corner has now been turned." In this we are inclined to agree with them. Very considerable economies have been effected in all departments, and the management in London, at any rate, is now in very capable hands. Sales of resin, which is produced in large quantities during the manufacture of rubber from Jelutong, are now being made at prices far in excess of those which they were originally obliged to accept.

With regard to the rubber itself, the position is certainly improving. Early in the year a large percentage came over in a badly heated condition, but the quality is now much improved, and although the price of Para has been falling, the price of the Company's product has increased, and there is now a fair margin of profit between the average selling value and the cost of production.

At any rate, the shares are unlikely to fall much further, and we think that those who are unfortunate enough to have acquired shares at a high price will be wise to hold them and await further developments.

## FIVE-PER-CENT. INVESTMENTS.

These are the most fashionable stocks which can be found nowadays, and the demand is always for more. We are constantly giving lists of such securities in these columns, but every week we receive requests for further selections. One of the most popular markets for 5 per cent. bonds is the Latin-Canadian, and a few of its leading issues may be set out, amongst others—

Bond or Stock.	Due.	Price.	Yield p.c.
Anglo-Argentine Tramways Debs.	May, Nov. ..	102 $\frac{1}{2}$ ..	£5 0 0
London Gen. Omnibus "C" Deb.	Jan., July ..	100 ..	£5 0 0
Mexico Tramways 1st .. .. .	March, Sept. ..	100 ..	£5 0 0
Rio Trams 1st .. .. .	Jan., July ..	102 ..	£4 19 0
Cordoba Light and Power Debs.	April, Oct. ..	95 $\frac{1}{2}$ ..	£5 5 0
Electrical Development of Ontario			
1st Mortgage .. .. .	March, Sept. ..	92 $\frac{1}{2}$ ..	£5 8 0
Mexican Light and Power 1st			
Mortgage .. .. .	Feb., Aug. ..	97 ..	£5 3 6
Monterey Rly. Light and Power			
1st Mortgage Debs. .. .. .	Jan., July ..	91 $\frac{1}{2}$ ..	£5 9 0

All the above carry 5 per cent. interest, and the yield on the money, it will be observed, comes out to an average of just over 5 per cent.

## THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRUST, LTD.

This Company is making an issue of £250,000 5 per cent. Preference shares, and 196,266 Ordinary shares, both of £1 each. The Company was formed in November 1909, and has had a very successful career. It has already placed on the London market the various City of Baku Loans, all of which are now standing well over the issue price; the Wolmar Railway Bonds, offered here at 90 about eighteen months ago, and now standing at 96-7; and several other Railway issues guaranteed by the Russian Government. The directorate is excellent, and the Trust is intimately associated with the Anglo-Russian Bank, which holds a controlling interest in the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank—an old-established concern doing a large business in the grain trade. The Trust has intimate connections with most of the largest Russian banks, and undoubtedly commands the pick of the issue business emanating from that country. The shares, both Preference and Ordinary, should be readily absorbed, and in time command a considerable premium.

[Continued on page 222.]



# THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Both Our Houses.** We are now in possession of two fine opera-houses. Last week, on two successive evenings, each held a specially brilliant audience. The London Opera House produced a new opera, the Royal Opera House a new dancer. The dove-cotes of Society were more stirred by the pirouetting of the great ballerina than by the burning of Rome. As a matter of fact, the audience were more concerned with the burning of themselves than that of the imperial city, for the heat was turned on with a lavish generosity that threatened them with reduction to melting point. There were beautiful women and beautiful dresses at both houses; but there were no tiaras—these are reserved by British women for special occasions of the season proper. The Duchess of Marlborough contented herself with a band of deepest crimson velvet round her dark hair, which matched a wide belt of similar velvet effectively embroidered on her black dress of chiffon over some deep, rich red-and-gold fabric. Lady Alington in her dark and abundant locks wore a high diamond-and-pearl ornament. Viscountess Maitland, a blonde, wore pale-blue jewelled galon round her hair, with a large white osprey raking back from it. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid wore, with a pale-grey dress, diamond and aquamarine ornaments, the effect being charming.

**What Little Ones Like.** The memory of the sentence, "Now, take great care of it," remains with me now. How it took the salt of enjoyment out of the savour of my childhood's books! Nowadays little folk have Dean's patent rag-books, which they can knock about as they choose; but the dearly loved pictures, and the reading that they have learned with such pride and enjoy so whole-heartedly, are always there. There is "The Farm," "Toy Town," "Baby's A-B-C," "Lullaby Rhymes," "Knockabout Land," and many another volume dear to the inhabitants of Lilliput Land, which they can—thrice blessed license—do as they like with!

**An International Benefit.** A world-wide appreciation is accorded to the toilet preparations of Messrs. F. Wolff and Son known by the name of "Kaloderma," applied to toilet-soap, toilet-jelly, face-powder, and shaving-soap. The firm have at Karlsruhe, Baden, one of the largest soap and perfume manufacturing factories on the Continent. Perfect purity they guarantee; their soaps are made from fats so pure that they are absolutely odourless and are actually edible. They are made in the pleasantest and

a character that a single drop is sufficient at a time. In pretty little cut-glass bottles, they make charming Christmas gifts.

**Keep Out the Cold, Keep In the Heat.** We want to understand that our comfort in winter depends on our utilising the heat of our own bodies; and that what we require is light,

warm, real, pure woollen underclothing, unshrinkable and hygienic. If we ask for the Wolsey brand, and see the Wolsey Head trade-mark on each article we buy, we can be sure of all these things, and need not load ourselves with heavy and clumsy outer clothing and great wraps. This underwear will supply protection and comfort on the rawest days.

**The "Medina's"** For the P. and O. Piano, royal voyage to India four pianos were placed on board the *Medina*, comprising two deck pianos, cased in solid mahogany; one saloon piano of quarter-figured mahogany, elaborately inlaid; and a grand in the music-room. These instruments had been specially constructed by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, Wigmore Street, W., the cases being designed to harmonise with the decorative schemes of the respective apartments. The King and the Queen have Brinsmeads in the royal residences for their personal use—a fact which doubtless influenced their selection. Apart from this, during the last thirty years Brinsmead pianos have been used exclusively on the P. and O. boats. The climatic conditions which the service entails are characterised by extreme and sudden changes of temperature, and the Brinsmead is a piano which has proved its ability to withstand such a rigorous test unimpaired.



THE TSAR'S SOLOIST AS SHE APPEARS IN PRIVATE LIFE: MME. KRZESZINSKA, WHO IS DANCING AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE PRIESTESS AND SACRED DANCER OF THE SERPENTINE ARMS: MME. SAHARY DJELI IN "SYRIA," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Mme. Djeli is at the London Hippodrome again, appearing there in a specially written mimodrama entitled "Syria." She is seen here on the steps.

most hygienic surroundings: the rooms are lofty, well lighted and aired, and the workpeople contented, happy, and scrupulously clean. The delicious "Florasma" and "Divinia" perfumes are made in the same manufactory; the former perfumes are of so concentrated

"Indeed," adds Lady Dorothy, apparently approving, "I feel sure that Mr. Chamberlain would not have tolerated anything of that kind." A "dabble" on his own platforms, of course, excepted.

The presence of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain at a National League meeting for opposing Woman Suffrage will, no doubt, be noted with something of triumph by the Suffragettes. But the situation does not lack humour to the opposition. Here are ladies taking part in politics to protest against ladies taking part in politics! Every active anti-Woman Suffrage woman concedes something to her sisters in the other camp, and Mrs. Chamberlain may end, who knows where? She is young enough for any change, and may not always read with content. Lady Dorothy Nevill's description of her as "the very opposite of the so-called advanced woman who dabbles in politics."

Continued from page 220.]

## RHODESIAN SHARES.

While the Kafir Market has been mortified and exasperated by such incidents as those of the East Rand, Langlaagte, City Deep, and others, Rhodesians are struggling to keep up a brave show of strength. Notwithstanding the slump in Tanganyika and Zambesia—due to causes which for years past have been apparent to anyone taking the trouble to examine the position with any degree of care—speculation is not unready to bestir itself in shares of other Rhodesian Companies. Unfortunately, the greater part of this speculation is merely professional. Most of it comes from that narrow circle which stands just outside the Stock Exchange market. It is assisted in great measure by the punting of House firms; and it is fairly safe to say that the public are hardly in the market at all. That they will re-enter this field of operations the professionals vehemently declare; but on that score we are not quite so certain. The best shares to follow are the most active—barring, of course, Tanganyika—and Chartered seem to be worth buying at anything like 30s., in order to sell at 32s. 6d. or thereabouts.

## VERY MISCELLANEOUS.

There is a rumour that the County of London Electric Lighting Company is about to increase its dividend from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. The £10 shares can be bought at £9. We have reason for believing the report will turn out to be correct.

Foreign Rails have boiled over, not unnaturally, for the rises were very fast. There ought, all the same, to be plenty of room for further improvement in Central Argentine Ordinary, which has not moved much since the dividend was declared some six weeks ago.

It is noticeable that South-Eastern Railway 6 per Cent. Preferred stock can be bought at 122. This means a yield of practically 5 per cent. on the money; and if the Kent Coal business ever does reach maturity, Dover "B" will go to 140.

It is not necessary to believe all that one hears about the selling of Rubber shares coming from the East. It is just as well to remember that Mincing Lane is also East.

A comparatively new introduction, the Diamantfontein Development, is an offshoot of the Oceana Development Company. The price of the fully paid 10s. shares is 15s., for Special Settlement. They are talked much higher, but are a thorough gamble.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1911.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The List of Subscriptions will close on or before Friday, 24th November, 1911.

# THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRUST, Ltd.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Share Capital - £1,000,000.

Divided into 500,000 Five per Cent. Preference Shares of £1 each and 500,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each,

Of which 303,734 Ordinary Shares have been issued and paid for in cash in full.

ISSUE AND OFFER FOR SUBSCRIPTION OF

250,000 Preference Shares and 196,266 Ordinary Shares at par,

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS—

2/- per Share on Application.

8/- per Share on Allotment.

10/- per Share on 15th January, 1912.

or payment may be made in full on Allotment, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

The Preference Shares are entitled to a Preferential Dividend of 5 per cent. per annum, out of the yearly earnings of the Company, and in the event of winding-up, rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares for repayment of capital.

The Dividend on the Preference Shares will be payable half-yearly on the 15th May and the 15th November, the first Dividend will become due on the 15th May, 1912, and will be calculated from the dates of payment of the instalments.

On a show of hands every member of the Company present in person has one vote, and on a poll every Member has one vote for each Share of which he is the holder.

## Directors.

CHARLES BIRCH CRISP, Esq., 11, Angel Court, London, E.C. (Chairman), Director

Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank, St. Petersburg.

THE HON. FREDERIC W. ANSON, 8, Pall Mall, S.W., Director London and South

Western Bank, Limited.

HARRY E. BRITTAIN, Esq., 2, Cowley Street, S.W., Barrister-at-Law.

CHARLES SEYMOUR GRENFELL, Esq., Elibank, Taplow, Sub-Governor of the Royal

Exchange Assurance Corporation.

ROBERT LOGAN, Esq., 2, Knaresborough Place, S.W., of the National Bank of New Zealand,

Limited.

ALMERIC H. PAGET, Esq., M.P., 39, Berkeley Square, W., Director of the British and

International Investment Trust, Limited.

G. P. SECHIARI, Esq., Rodocanachi Sons and Company, Bankers, Palmerston House, Old

Broad Street, E.C.

## Bankers.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, 72, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

THE CAPITAL AND COUNTRIES BANK, LIMITED, 39, Threadneedle Street, London,

E.C., and Branches.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LIMITED, 170, Fenchurch Street, London,

E.C., and Branches.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN BANK, LIMITED, 11, King William Street, London, E.C.

RUSSO-ASIATIC BANK, 64, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., St. Petersburg, and Branches.

RUSSIAN COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL BANK, 75-6, Lombard Street, London,

E.C., St. Petersburg, and Branches.

## Secretary and Registered Office.

GEORGE A. KEMP, 24, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.

## Prospectus.

The Anglo-Russian Trust, Ltd., incorporated 1st November, 1909, has been engaged since its establishment in the introduction of Russian Securities upon the English market, and the results attained have amply justified the anticipations of its founders. The Trust has gradually enlarged the sphere of its operations and has exceptional opportunities for engaging in further profitable business. The Board has therefore decided to offer for public subscription one-half of

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ASTOR.—"Q" thinks all these shares are hopeful purchases, and Ivanhoe seem particularly cheap at present, although the shares may be temporarily depressed by labour troubles.

CONINGSBY.—Yes.

X. Y. Z.—We think your lady friend is wise. The following might suit her: (1) Canadian Northern New 4 per Cent. Guaranteed Debentures; (2) Great Northern Railway 4 per Cent. Preferred Stock or London Brighton Railway Preferred; (3) East India Railway Guaranteed Debentures. If she wants 5 per cent.: (1) Leopoldina Terminal Debentures; (2) City of Pernambuco Bonds; (3) Anglo-Argentine Tram First Preference.

ANGEL.—See this week's Notes.

N.E.C.—Thanks for the correction re Oil. The information was furnished, and the City Editor takes no responsibility for any paragraphs printed after Correspondence.

A.P.—We really know little of the Russian Company you inquire about. It is well spoken of. The photographs, etc., we have passed on to the Editor.

STUMBLER.—The only way is to pay. You had better hang on to your "bears" and cut your loss on the first favourable opportunity. We know no special reason for the fall in the Oil shares, except the general depression in that market.

OLEUM.—When we can write a note which we think will be helpful we will do so; but the information which we thought reliable has so often proved otherwise that we are shy of advising.

RIO CLARO SAO PAULO RAILWAY.—The directors of the Rio Claro Sao Paulo Railway Company, Ltd., state that they find such division of opinion amongst the shareholders as to the desirability of their scheme as modified by the report of the committee, or, indeed, of any scheme or alteration of the present status of the Company, that they have decided to abandon their contemplated application to Parliament, feeling that any step of this character should have full general approval. The business of the adjourned meeting, called for the 20th instant, will therefore not be proceeded with.

THE BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA COMPANY.—Before the British Cotton-Growing Association recently, the Director of Agriculture for Nyasaland, Mr. McCall, said the Protectorate was not exporting a tithe of the produce which the country was capable of growing and the planters willing to grow. The need was adequate railway communication, a matter which is, however, in the hands of the British Central Africa Company. The cotton exports have risen from 602 lb. in 1902-3 to 1,736,999 lb. in 1910-1911; tobacco, in the same period, from 17,604 lb. to 1,704,637 lb.; but the cultivation of all semi-tropical products is possible in the country, and hence the demand for British Central Africas at about 8s. as a speculative lock-up.

the Preference Shares and the balance of the Ordinary Shares. Subscribers for the present issue of Preference Shares will have priority in the allotment of the Ordinary Shares now offered for subscription.

The Preference Shares rank for capital and dividend in priority to the Ordinary Shares, of which there were issued for cash—

	November, 1909	May, 1910	Present Issue	
	103,734	200,000	196,266	£500,000

The following Dividends upon the Ordinary Share Capital have been paid—

	Interim, 14th May, 1910; for 6 months ending 30th April, 1910, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.	Final, 1st February, 1911; for 14 months ending 31st December, 1910, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.	Interim, 1st July, 1911; for 6 months ending 30th June, 1911, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.
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The issues of Bonds made or negotiated by the Trust in conjunction with others have been:—

Date.	Loan.	Amount.	Price of Issue.	Quotation, 14th Nov.
London, Jan., 1910	City of Baku 5 per cent. Gold Bonds	£800,000	95	97-98
London, May, 1910	Volmar Railway 4½ per cent. Bonds	£179,880	90	96-97
London, Sept., 1910	Troitzk and Kokand-Namangan Railways Imperial Russian Government Guaranteed 4½ per cent. Bonds	£998,060	97½	98-99
Brussels, May, 1911	City of Baku 5 per cent. Gold Bonds	£500,000	97½	99½-100
London, Oct., 1911	City of Baku 5 per cent. Gold Bonds	£500,000	96	100-101
London, Oct., 1911	Black-Sea-Kuban Railway Imperial Russian Government Guaranteed 4½ per cent. Bonds	£1,913,760	97½	Par ½ Prem.

Application will be made in due course to the Stock Exchange for a settlement in and for an official quotation of the Preference and Ordinary Shares.

A brokerage of 3d. per Share will be paid by the Trust on allotments made in respect of applications bearing the stamps of Brokers or Agents.

The following information is given in accordance with the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908:—

On 21st May, 1910, 296,266 Ordinary Shares were offered for subscription, and 200,000 Shares were allotted, 200,000 Shares of that issue being underwritten for a commission of 2½ per cent. and the call at par until the 31st December, 1910, of one Ordinary Share for every two Ordinary Shares underwritten, under an Agreement dated the 23rd May, 1910, and made between the Trust and the British & Foreign General Securities & Investment Trust, Limited, then known as the British & Foreign Oil & Rubber Trust, Limited. The whole of the above-mentioned 200,000 Shares were paid up in full in cash.

By an Agreement dated 16th November, 1911, and made between the Anglo-Russian Trust Limited, and the British and International Investment Trust Limited, the latter agree to bear and pay the expenses of this issue for a sum of £2,500, and to underwrite or procure underwriting for 175,000 of the Preference Shares now offered for an underwriting commission of 3 per cent., and an over-riding commission of 1 per cent.

Copies of the above Agreements and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Trust can be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors, Messrs. Roney & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C., at any time during business hours while the Lists are open. The Auditors of the Trust are Messrs. Herman Lescher, Stephens & Co., Chartered Accountants, 6-8, Clement's Lane, E.C.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors will proceed to allotment is 175,000 Shares.

Applications for Shares must be forwarded together with a cheque for the amount payable on application to any of the Bankers of the Trust. If no allotment is made the application money will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any excess will be returned to the Applicant. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Trust, of the Bankers, and of Messrs. C. Birch Crisp and Co., 11, Angel Court, London, E.C.

Dated the 18th day of November, 1911.



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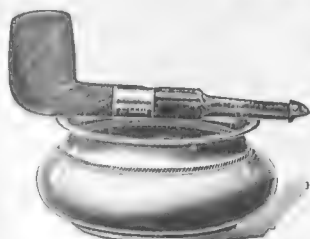


# Yuletide Gifts

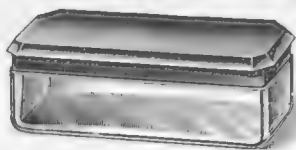
# Mappin & Webb

(1908), Ltd.

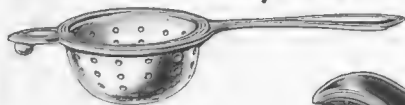
Illustrated  
Xmas List  
Post Free.



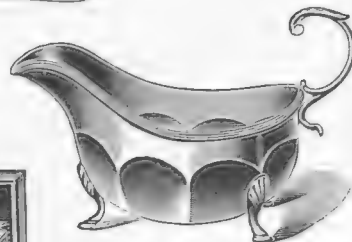
Sterling Silver Ash-Bowl,  
Complete with Pipe,  
£1 2s. 6d.



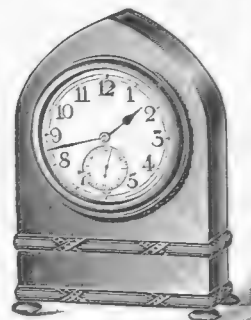
Sterling Silver and Crystal Hairpin  
Box, 15s.



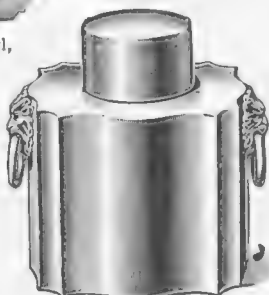
Tea-Strainer,  
Best Quality Silver Plate,  
4s. 6d.



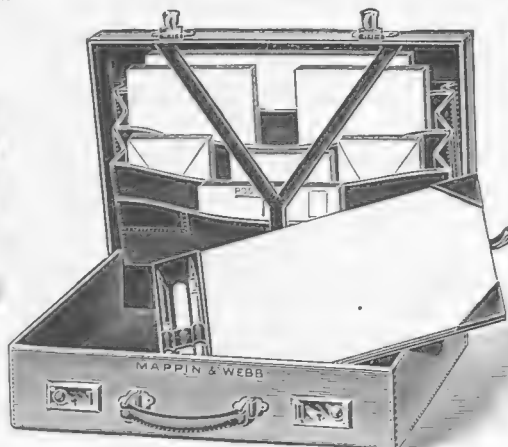
Solid Silver Sauce-Boat,  
£1 8s. 6d.



Sterling Silver Timepiece,  
Movement Guaranteed,  
£1 10s.



“Prince's Plate” Tea-Caddy,  
£1



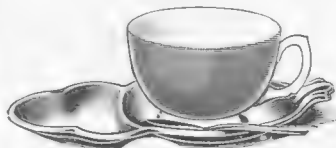
Solid Brown Hide Leather Fitted Attaché Case,  
14½ in. by 9½ in. by 3½ in., £22 2s.



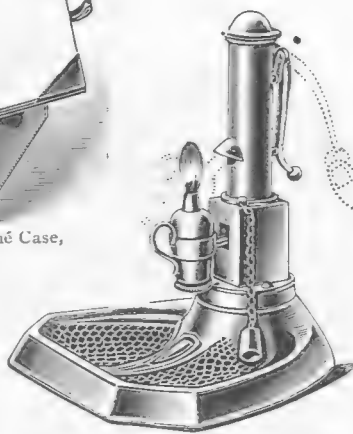
Green, Blue, or Brown  
Grain Seal Bag, 15s.



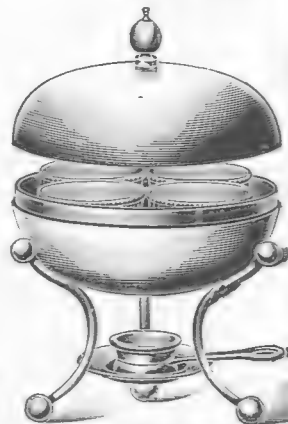
Sterling Silver and Cut-Glass  
Scent-Bottle, 10s. 6d.



“Prince's Plate” Combined Saucer and  
Plate, with Royal Worcester Cup in Green,  
Yellow, and Mauve, 10s.



Silver-Plated Automatic Cigar-Lighter.  
No matches required. £1 5s.



New Registered Design.  
Egg Poacher or Steamer.  
“Prince's Plate,” £1 15s.  
Sterling Silver, £5 15s.

150, OXFORD STREET, W.

PARIS: 1, Rue de la Paix.  
ROME.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House.)

BUENOS AIRES: Florida 36.  
NICE.  
BIARRITZ.

RIO DE JANEIRO: Ouvidor 100.  
LAUSANNE.

220, REGENT STREET, W.

The Royal Works, SHEFFIELD.  
JOHANNESBURG.

WHITE POST LANE.

HACKNEY WICK, E.

Telephone: 3710 East.

Madame,

You probably have discarded some dress or gown—not because you are tired of it—but simply for the reason that it seems to you to look too shabby for further wear. We would hazard the opinion that the *material* is hardly worn at all; its only fault is that it has, inevitably, become soiled and creased

Why, then, leave it in your wardrobe when it can be perfectly restored to its original smartness, without injury, and at a very moderate cost?

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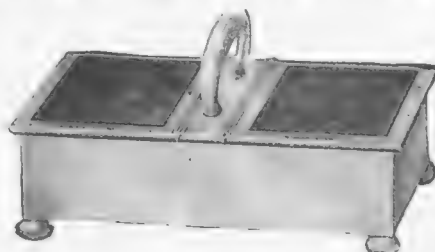
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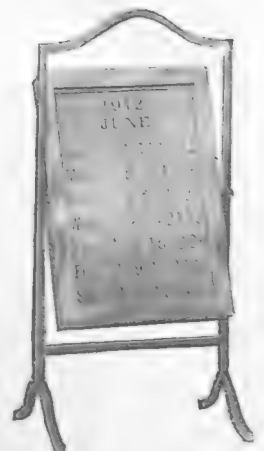
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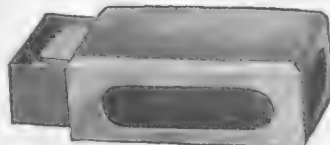
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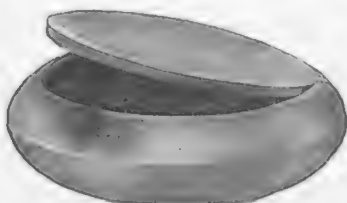


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I have heard the Metrostyle Pianola, and consider it most admirable and interesting. Before hearing the Pianola I had thought that all such instruments were only machines, but it is indeed surprising what can be done with the Metrostyle in reproducing musical works in the way of giving the intentions of the composer. It is excellent.

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**I**MAGINE yourself playing on the Pianola Piano this great Norwegian Composer's Peer Gynt Suite as he himself would have played it. It is difficult to realise the long vista of delightful musical evenings that is in store for every owner of a Pianola Piano. Only by a visit to Æolian Hall, where we will gladly explain the Pianola Piano, can you realise the boundless pleasure that its purchase will open to you.

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Invests the user with a dainty atmosphere of charm and refinement.

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To be obtained from all  
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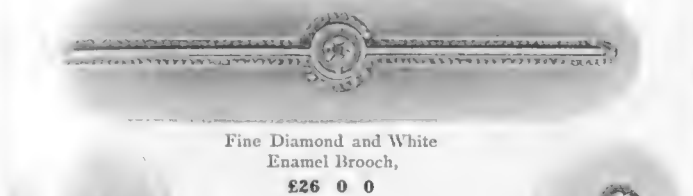
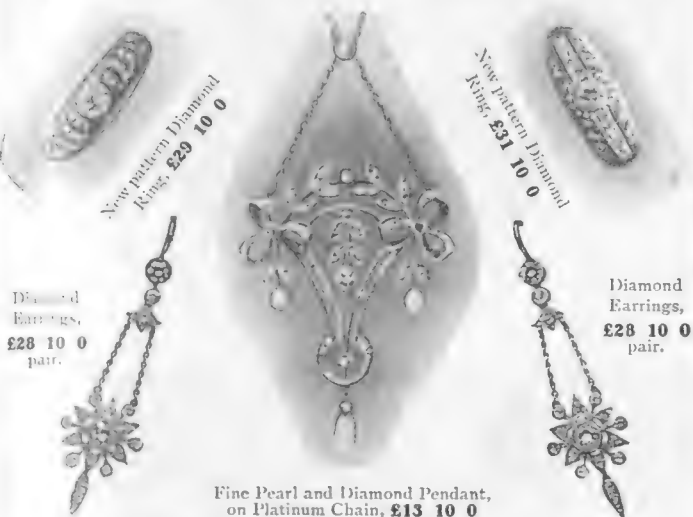
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FROM DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

## Miss Lily Elsie



### Brain Fag, Nervous Exhaustion—

The glowing loveliness and charm, all the sparkling animation with which Miss Lily Elsie entralls huge audiences, is maintained, says the popular young actress, by the *nervous force and vitality* she derives from Phosferine. Throughout the length and breadth of the land the womanly fascination of Miss Lily Elsie's rôles captivates with its rare union of bewitching beauty and intellectual ascendancy, and it is these very qualities which Phosferine has so effectively *sustained and matured*. With gracious candour Miss Elsie confesses it is particularly due to Phosferine that she has so long been able to withstand the nervous exactions and physical strain of her public life, and her freedom from brain fag and nervous exhaustion causes her to publicly acclaim the revitalising properties of Phosferine, in token of her special gratitude.

### Overcome and Prevented.

Miss Lily Elsie writes:—"I should like to tell you that I am very pleased with your Phosferine nerve tonic. It is invaluable for nervous exhaustion and helps me to support the strain of two performances, and I think it makes the voice stronger. It is indispensable for anyone engaged in public work, and I shall always recommend it to my friends for brain fag. You are at liberty to make use of my remarks if you desire."

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Phosferine is used by the Royal Families of Europe, which in plain language means that every user of Phosferine knows and feels that this famous Tonic is commended by the greatest living Physicians.

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### A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

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Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



## The Royal Tonic



Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family  
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H.M. the King of Spain  
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And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

An easy competition in which every member of the Family can help!

Many of the competitions promoted by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, such as their recent View Competition, Painting Competition, etc., call for time and patience from those who seek to gain the prizes; but here is a chance of a substantial prize for simply

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THE PROPRIETORS OF  
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to the competitor who correctly names the twelve periodicals of the classes enumerated below which shall prove to be the most popular amongst the whole of the competitors; or in the event of no one succeeding in giving the whole twelve, to the competitor who names the greatest number of them. Only one periodical must, of course, be given in each class. They also offer a

**Second Prize of £15**

AND A

**Third Prize of - £10**

to the competitors whose lists most nearly approach that of the winner of the first prize.

How to enter, and Conditions.

1. Fill in on the coupon below the names of the periodicals which you consider to be the most popular in their respective classes—or if preferred write them on a sheet of paper numbered 1 to 12.
2. See that your name and address is clearly written on the coupon or list, and then post to "Papers," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66/68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., to arrive not later than December 30.
3. Every list must be accompanied by the outside wrapper of a 4d. tablet of **WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THE Nursery Soap**. It is sold everywhere. Competitors may send as many lists as they like, provided each is accompanied by a wrapper as stated, but anyone sending any other wrapper than **Wright's** will be disqualified.
4. No correspondence can be entertained. The decision of the Advertising Manager will be final. In the event of ties the prizes will be divided. The result will be advertised in the "Daily Mail" on January 31.

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8. BOYS' PERIODICAL	...
9. GIRLS' PERIODICAL	...
10. SPORTING PAPER	...
11. COMIC PAPER	...
12. MONTHLY MAGAZINE	...
Name.....	
Address.....	

Please post replies as early as possible.

How the Prizes will be awarded.

At the close of the competition it will be ascertained which twelve periodicals have obtained the greatest number of votes in their respective classes; then to the competitor whose list is identical or most nearly agrees with the list so obtained, the first prize will be awarded; while the remaining prizes will, of course, be awarded in order of proximity to the winner.

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SHOULD READ

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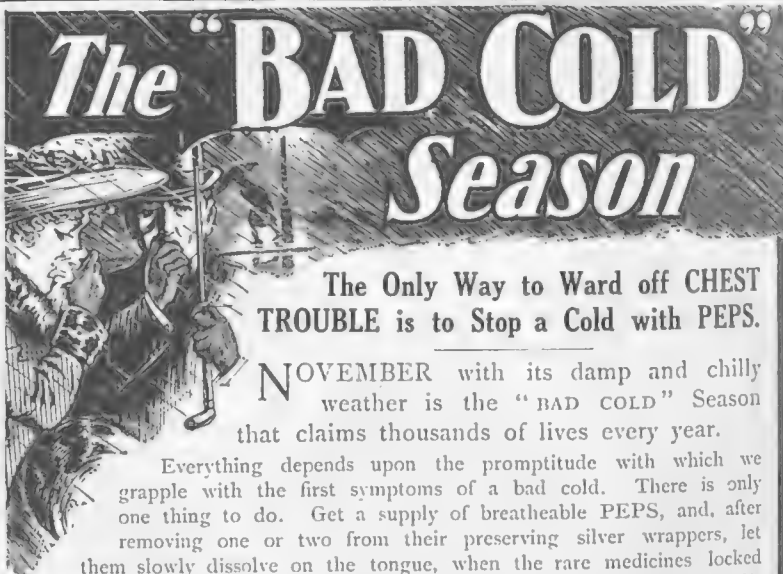
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"NUGGET" is the finest waterproofing, polishing, and preserving preparation, and the most economical.



Everything depends upon the promptitude with which we grapple with the first symptoms of a bad cold. There is only one thing to do. Get a supply of breatheable PEPS, and, after removing one or two from their preserving silver wrappers, let them slowly dissolve on the tongue, when the rare medicines locked up in each PEPS tablet will escape in the form of fumes which purify and penetrate with the breath through the mouth, nasal passages, throat, and bronchial tubes, down into the lungs themselves.

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This is all brought about by the natural way in which the PEPS medicine is breathed direct to the seat of the trouble.

With a box of these breatheable PEPS tablets handy you can face the cold and fog without fear.

**PEPS**  
For Throat & Chest.

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**CRAVEN EXTRA MILD** has met with immediate success, being hailed with delight by smokers as "the ideal mild mixture at last!" Its success proves beyond question that its delicacy and mildness have been secured without sacrificing the "Craven" quality which Mr. Barrie immortalised (under the name of "Arcadia") in "My Lady Nicotine."

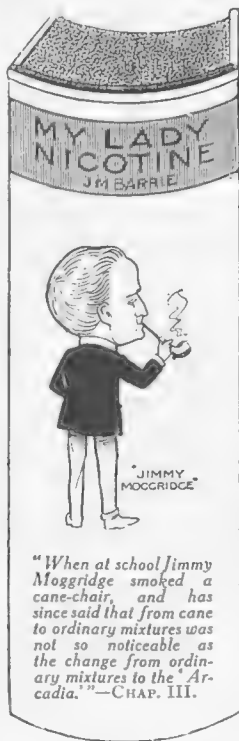
"Craven Extra Mild" is manufactured under a new process, discovered by Mr. Bernhard Baron, eliminating the crude residue of harshness which even the most mature tobacco has previously always had.

Sold in 1-oz., 8d.; 2-oz., 1/3; 4-lb., 2/6; 1-lb., 5/- air-tight tins. Also in cartridges in packets of 14 pipefuls 8d.; 28 pipefuls 1/3.

Our world-renowned **CRAVEN MILD** in cartridges or loose 2-oz., 1/3.

Of high-class tobacconists all over the world. If you cannot obtain it locally, write direct to our West End Depot, 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

**CARRERAS, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Rd., London, E.C.** Estd. 1788



"When at school Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the 'Arcadia.'—CHAP. III.



A reproduction of the drawing (by Joseph A. Simpson, R.B.A.) which is sent to all those who apply for the special Sample Box. See offer below.

### Miss Phyllis Dare,

one of the four charming actresses for whom Poinsetta was specially created, writes:—

"Its soft dreamy character lends it a very 'distinctive charm.'"

Yes! There is something "very distinctive," something in Poinsetta, the new romantic perfume, which suggests the living flower itself.

Poinsetta is a perfume of which one never tires. One loves to steal relief from its freshness; to contemplate its soft, subtle, "dreamy" charm; to inspire its delicate fragrance, to dwell on its delights; to linger awhile . . . and then to let the all-pervading influence creep imperceptibly away.

# Atkinson's Poinsetta

*the perfume with a romance.*

Poinsetta was chosen as a favourite perfume by Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Connie Ediss, Miss Gabrielle Ray, and Miss Olive May.

"POINSETTA" PERFUME.—In three sizes, 4/6, 8/6 and 20/- per bottle. TOILET POWDER.—Blanche, Rose and Brunette. Price 2/- per box. TOILET SOAP.—Price 1/- per tablet. HAIR LOTION.—Price 6/- per bottle. SACHETS.—Price 1/- each.

**A Special Offer.**—A Dainty Box of Samples of Scent, Soap and Powder, together with a plate-sunk red crayon reproduction (7½ × 5½) of drawing by J. A. Simpson, R.B.A., of any one of these actresses you name, will be sent post free for 1/-

The Poinsetta Specialities may be obtained of all first-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from the Sole Makers.



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A "Carron" gas fire means comfort in the home.

IN the bedroom it tempers the chilly atmosphere; it gives comfort in the bathroom and makes the bath or morning toilet a pleasure. It is most desirable in the drawing room, especially when the unexpected guests arrive; its genial glow in the nursery is welcomed by the children; it is invaluable in the sickroom for its even temperature.

In brief, it gives comfort at will, by the turn of the tap, without dirt or labour—*instantly*, and at small cost.

Many tasteful designs in black, enamels, electro-bronze or armour bright.

Sold by all Plumbers, Ironmongers and Hardware Merchants.

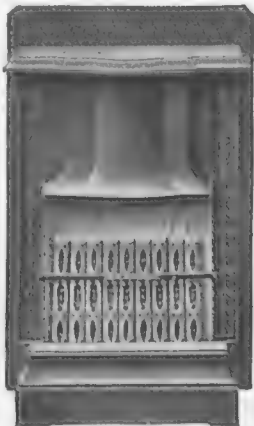
Write for No. 42 Gas Fire Booklet, giving full particulars, to

## CARRON COMPANY

Works: CARRON, STIRLINGSHIRE, and at Phoenix Foundry, Sheffield.



Showrooms—London (City) 15, Upper Thames St., E.C.; (West End) 23, Princes St., Cavendish Sq., W.; 3, Berners Street, W.; Liverpool—22, 23, Redcross St.; Manchester—24, Brazennose St.; Glasgow—125, Buchanan Street; Edinburgh—114, George Street; Bristol—6, Victoria St.; Newcastle-on-Tyne—13, Prudhoe Street; Birmingham—218, 220, Corporation Street; Dublin—44, Grafton Street.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

## Driving and Driven Rotary Pumps.

It is far from easy to give the reader anything like a clear idea of this apparatus without illustrations of any kind, but a notion of its operation may be gleaned from the statement that three rotary pumps contained in the forward casing, or gear-box, are driven from the engine by the propeller-shaft, and pump oil to similar rotary pumps set on the ends of the road-wheel driving-shafts. The gearing-up or down from the engine-speed is obtained by varying the delivery of the amount of oil to the driven pumps on the driving-shafts, the apparatus being so arranged that not only does the oil act as a differential gear, but the apparatus can be reversed in action and the car driven backwards at will. In the apparatus shown there were three driving-pumps of varying delivery, by which five speeds could be obtained—namely, one by each pump, and one each by two of the pumps in combination. The apparatus under review is certainly an advance upon anything of the kind yet produced, for it is lighter than the Hall, and the oil-passages are reduced to so great an extent and made so free that it is hard to believe that undue heating will result.

## Room for Improvement.

There are two important units of a motor-chassis which, notwithstanding the progress of the last few years, still offer room for improvement. One is the carburetter, and the other the change-speed gear-box. With regard to the former, it may be said that, with such contrivances as the Zenith, the Claudel-Hobson, the Stewart Precision, the S.U., and the Polyrhoë, to mention a few, an excellent compromise has been attained, although neither the makers of these carburetters nor the users would suggest that perfection has been reached. Until the theoretical power of the fuel is more nearly approached, efforts at improvement will still be made. The stumbling-block in the path of progress, as far as carburetters are concerned, is the necessity felt by all motor-car manufacturers that they should be fool-proof—that is, that once they are adjusted to the all-round needs of the engines to which they are fitted, the enterprising chauffeur or the too-ambitious private owner should not be able to meddle with them. For both these gentlemen an adjustable carburetter is a sore temptation, for no man worth his salt and who takes a real live

interest in his car will believe for a moment that he cannot better its running.

## In Place of Toothed Gearing.

At whatever stage the carburetter may be presumed to have arrived, and it certainly has made great strides in the matters of power and economy, it cannot be suggested that the gear-box has advanced in any particular except improvement in material and some satisfactory modification of design. Speed-reduction is still obtained by the meshing of toothed wheels, and these wheels are brought into contact in a manner which the engineer can only regard as brutal. Now, from time to time efforts have been made to get away from toothed-wheel gearing in this connection, and to employ hydraulics by some means or other. We have had the Hall hydraulic gear, of which much was expected and promised, and which, indeed, did perform in a more or less satisfactory manner. But I think I am right when I say that its weight and the cost of manufacture did more to put it out of court than its lack of efficiency. Then for a brief space the Pitler hydraulic gear was dangled in a tantalising manner before our eyes, but why this gear did not materialise I cannot say.

## The Novelty of the Show.

Each Olympia Exhibition is marked by the introduction of one or more novelties, and that particular Show which recently closed its doors will be remembered for the introduction of the Lenz Hydraulic Gear—a German invention, as its name suggests—to the British public. It made its appearance with the Charron cars on the stand of the London Motor Garage Company about the middle of the week, and from that time until the end it drew crowds of interested spectators. It is quite impossible to give anything approaching a comprehensive description of this ingenious apparatus in these columns, but one or two of the technical papers have dealt with it at considerable length. In this gear what is equivalent to the gear-box is combined with the back-axle, and in the matter of weight should not greatly exceed such a combination of gear-box and back-axle as we are becoming accustomed to see on many American and one or two British cars.

While motoring near Vienna recently, with her daughter and two other ladies, the Duchess of Parma had an alarming accident. The car collided with some railway trucks being shunted at a level crossing. The Duchess sustained slight concussion of the brain.

# ANOTHER

# REDUCTION

**WE LEAD AGAIN**

OWING TO THE FALL IN THE COST OF RAW MATERIALS.

Our motor fabric is nearly double the ordinary strength, thus removing risk of BURSTS. The rubber being highly compressed and toughened by our secret process the tread has EXTRA DURABILITY.

COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH OTHERS.

TERMS AS PER LIST.

Size of Tyres.	Grooved.	Steel-Studded.	Tubes.	Re-treading Plain.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
750 x 85	2 15 6	3 16 0	0 16 0	0 17 0
710 x 90	3 10 0	3 18 6	0 19 0	0 15 8
760 x 90	3 14 0	4 4 0	1 0 0	0 18 4
810 x 90	3 19 6	4 11 0	1 2 0	1 1 4
870 x 90	4 7 6	4 19 0	1 3 0	1 7 0
910 x 90	4 12 0	5 5 0	1 5 0	1 8 4
760 x 100	4 16 0	5 9 0	1 4 0	1 2 8
810 x 100	5 4 0	5 17 0	1 5 0	1 5 6
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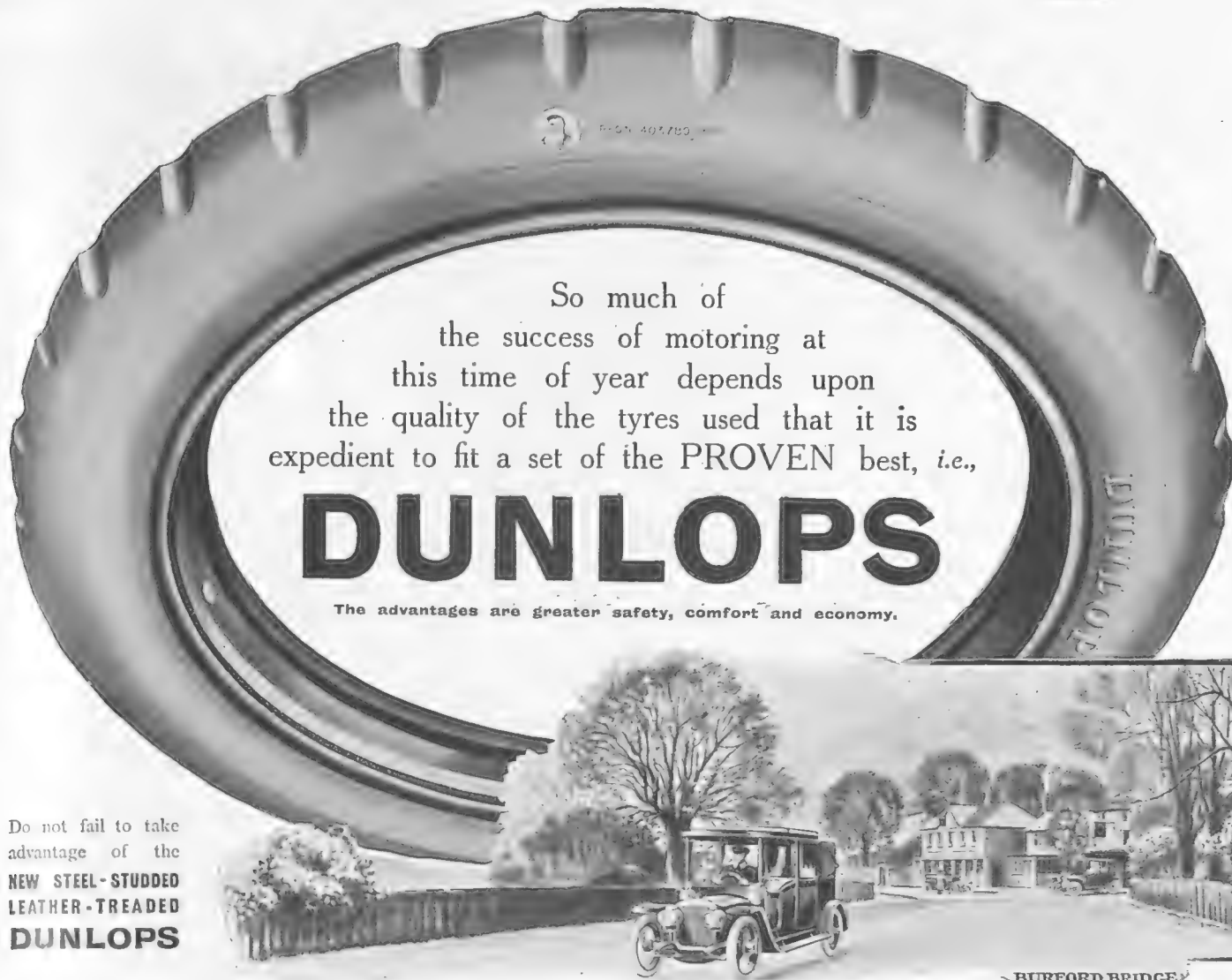
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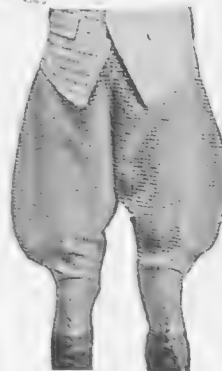
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# CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

## "Earth."

By MURIEL HINE.  
(The Bodley Head.)

There is very little of the "brown old earth" in Miss Hine's (Mrs. Sidney Coxton's) novel. Were it not for a Browning extract pressed into service with the title, the reason for the name would appear obscurely. But Browning seems to say—it is safer to use ambiguous terms while expounding Browning—that it is, on the whole, better to love a low nature than a high one, because otherwise love would be a clear gain to the lover; and Diana, to whom Miss Hine is a fairy godmother of the most generous order, loves a young man who, by his sensitiveness to feminine attractions, gives Diana something to forgive. As all the love of all the novelists bears this stamp, that it shall be involuntary, fated as much as fateful, the philosophy of Browning and Diana does not seem to come within the practical politics of novels; but having given the love to the lower nature, it will doubtless be a consolation that the "doctrine, simple, ancient, true," of the Browning religion has been observed. Not that Major Anthony Rill was low in any serious sense of the word. He was just a little lazy, and a great deal selfish. But Diana is such a bright particular star, with her youth and her beauty and her genius, to say nothing of her fine nature, that a lover who should be worthy must first have a fairy godmother too. Quite a large circle of relations and friends surround the heroine, but they are seen strictly from the outside. They remain faithful to their stereotypes, and exhibit none of those startling, living surprises which for want of a truer knowledge we call inconsistencies.

## "There Was a Widow."

By MARY E. MANN.  
(Methuen.)

Mrs. Mann has succeeded in producing a touching story. Julia Delane, a soft, petite Niobe, not all tears, always manages to be at that delicate poise called sympathetic. She is never too foolish or too faithful to be adorable. Mothers—especially will have their hearts wrung at many points of her story, for there is even more of the mother than of the widow about Julia; and her three children, Watty, Trot, and Baby, are the sort of children every mother recognises as her own. Dr. Delane, who appears to have been—even out of Julia's tender mouth—a commonplace, not to say banal, person, left his little family entirely without means. Nor could his widow provide any assets out of her personal capability. Love and gentleness and the maternal attitude may be desirable qualities for a housekeeper, but they are too highly paid for by the presence of three encumbrances under six years of age. So Watty, the delicate, sensitive first-born, was torn from his mother at the first offer made by some charitable friend,


and high-spirited Trot went to learn some hard lessons of life with a disagreeable aunt, while Mrs. Delane lingered on at the old home with her Baby. The new young Doctor had asked her to stay till the arrival of a female relative, and very gladly she did so, for Dr. Burden was shy and lonely, and it was her nature to find comfort for any grief in just being kind to someone. But the new Doctor was not a success. Julia used to wish, for his own sake, he would follow the lines of the dear departed Harry. He happened to be interested in doctoring as a science, but not at all as a profession, and no patients habituated to a Harry could be expected to stand that. Notwithstanding, he hung bravely on till gossip drove forth homeless Mrs. Delane. Then he departed for India, and Mrs. Delane went to keep house for a wealthy widower cousin. With her went the unwelcome Baby. For Cousin George Tredwell-Tann is as unhealthy a specimen of the self-absorbed invalid as can be met with. With him Julia enters upon an act, obvious enough to most of us, but—incidentally foreign to Julia. Nothing but instinctive maternity could have drawn it from her. With him also she radiantly redeems that act in a way very few of us would regard as obvious. Out in the world once more, with no wealth beyond the three encumbrances, now again united, it is delightful to get Dr. Burden back again, and realise how much his coming means to Julia and her children. Julia is, perhaps, the most gracious figure of the season's fiction.

## "Penelope's Progress."

By LADY ANGELA FORBES.  
(Eveleigh Nash).

Penelope is the direct consequence of "The Broken Commandment," a book which Lady Angela Forbes published last season. She lives to be a joy and a terror to her distracted mother; for she also, in common with her brilliant sisters of the modern novel, has, in addition to surpassing beauty, that touch of genius which makes heroines kin. In the fashion too—the very *dernier cri* of it—with her boyish air of virginity enslaving the most hardened *roués*, while demanding their reverence, Penelope is bound to be a great success. We may follow her triumphs on the stage or in the ball-room; Ibsen was fortunate indeed to have Helga explained by her art, and the prospective Duke who finally wins her for his wife still more lucky. Who shall say that women are ungenerous to women when heroine after heroine arises in their pages glorious of hair and genius?

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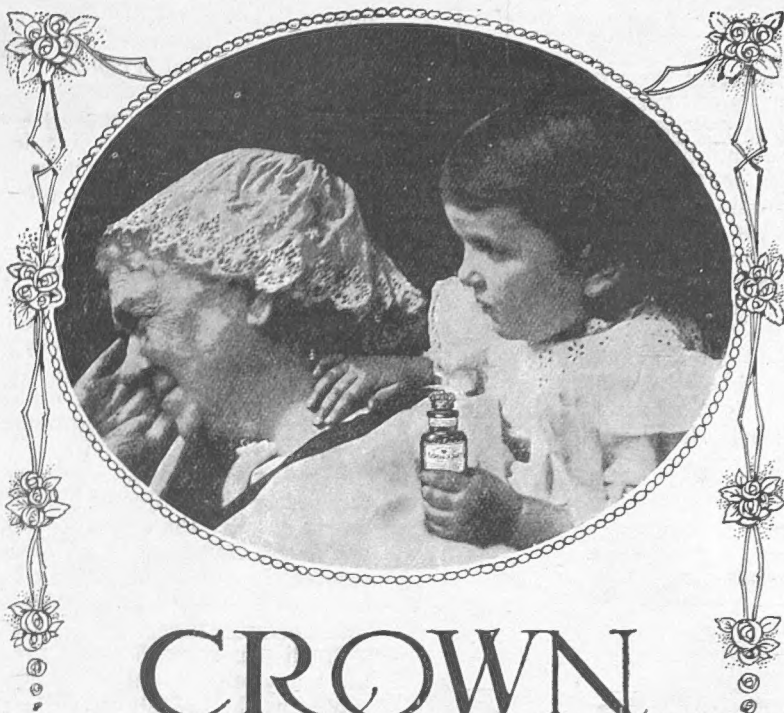
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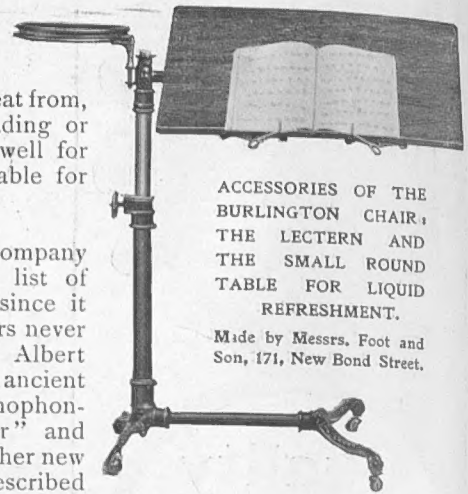
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From the Gramophone Company comes a particularly strong list of new records for November, since it contains work by three singers never before included. One is Albert Chevalier, the Coster King of ancient fame, who has recorded gramophoniously "Our Little Nipper" and "Right as Ninepence." Another new recorder is Billy Merson: (described on the list as "the coming successor to the late Dan Leno"), who has obliged with "I'm going away," a resolve due to the orchestra having struck (not their instruments, but work) in the middle of his song. The third new acquisition is Mr. Gervase Elwes, the well-known oratorio tenor, whose record is "Phyllis has such charming graces." Besides these novelties there are many other excellent items on the list. Band music is represented by the Coldstreams, De Groot's Orchestra (which gives four waltzes and an intermezzo), and the Mayfair Orchestra. Singers and their songs, besides those already mentioned, are: Mme. Kirkby Lunn ("A Summer Night"), Mr. John McCormack ("She is far from the Land" and "The Happy Morning Waits"—the evening waits are not mentioned!), Mr. Evan Williams ("Mary Adeane" and "Just a-wearyin' for you"), Mme. Edna Thornton ("O dry those tears"), Mr. Stewart Gardner ("An Old Garden"—very appropriate), Mr. Harry Dearth ("Jack Briton"), and a quartet composed of Miss Perceval Allen, Mme. Edna Thornton, Mr. John Harrison, and Mr. Robert Radford, who combine in a lullaby part song, Sullivan's setting of Tennyson's "Oh, hush thee, my baby," warranted to wake the baby. In the comic song department Mr. G. H. Elliott gives "If you should see a Dandy Coon," and Mr. Tom Clare "Beautiful Girlie Girls." Instrumental records are contributed by Mr. Francis Macmillen (violin) and M. Jacques Renard (cello). The Gramophone Company have also issued recently a number of songs and selections from "The Mousmé."



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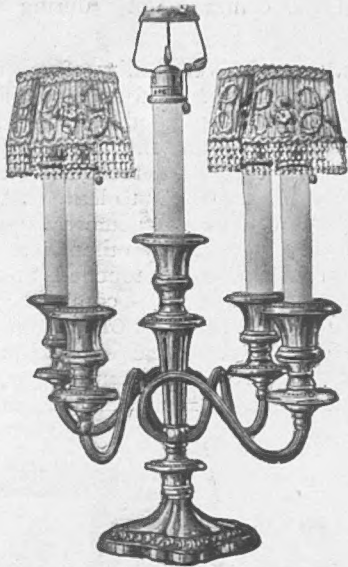
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Price One Guinea & upwards, at all leading watchmakers



"HALIFLOR"  
(All Flowers)

## CROWN-PRINCESS VIOLET

(A ROYAL PERFUME).

On account of its odour resembling the natural fragrance of the Violet, the above name was given to this Scent by H.I. AND ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN-PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

*This Perfume is considered by all connoisseurs to be the only true Violet Scent ever known.*

SOLE EVERYWHERE AT 5/- AND 10/6 PER BOTTLE. Sample Bottle against 2/6 P.O. from the Sole Agents,  
**HERTZ & CO., 9, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.**



## 'WHY NOT'



For length of drive, steadiness on the Green, and durability, the new Heavy "WHY NOT" is the best ball made.

"HEAVY" "STANDARD" (floats) { 2/-

If your Professional does not Stock it, write to us.  
**W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works Co., Ltd.,**  
Blomfield St., London, E.C.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

# Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.



By Appointment to  
H.M. the King, and to  
the Royal Danish and  
Imperial Russian Courts

# HEERING'S

COPENHAGEN

## CHERRY BRANDY

Have you tried it with the Cheese course?



**Test Calox Tooth Powder—FREE**

Every time you brush your teeth with CALOX, you cleanse and purify your mouth, teeth, and gums with OXYGEN.

How very delightful the experience is you cannot know until you try CALOX. Calox does all every other dentifrice does—and more.

Send us your address, and we will send you a box of Calox free of cost, to try. Calox is ordinarily sold in non-wasting metal boxes, at 1/1½ everywhere.

# CALOX

**THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER**

To get the fullest benefit from Calox, use the Calox Tooth Brush, which enables you to reach every part of every tooth perfectly. 1/- everywhere.

**G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.**

## WHITE STAR LINE.

**TWO WINTER CRUISES to the WEST INDIES and SPANISH MAIN,**

BY THE PALATIAL Triple-Screw Steamer, "LAURENTIC," 15,000 tons, Leaving NEW YORK Jan. 20 and Feb. 24, 1912. 31 days. Fare from New York £30 and upwards. Connecting steamer out and home for first cruise "OLYMPIC," 45,000 tons, the largest vessel in the world, sailing from SOUTHAMPTON JAN. 10th, 1912. For Itinerary and all particulars apply to WHITE STAR LINE, Liverpool and Southampton, and 38, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., and 1, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.



## GENERAL NOTES.

**S**MOKERS who like a really good cigar may be recommended to try the "Pearl of Kashmere," one of the brands of Indian cigars made by Messrs. McDowell and Co., of Madras, whose London agents are Messrs. Havill and Co., of 1, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, E.C. Cigars in foil are sometimes classed as cheap "Britishers," the foil being added to enhance their appearance. This is not so, however, with the "Pearl of Kashmere"; but, as it is somewhat more expensive (32s. 6d. per 100) than the usual run of Indian cigars, the foil is used to protect it and keep it in condition. The McDowell brands are well known for their mildness, aroma, and delicate flavour. Henceforth the smoker will hope to receive from his best girl, not "tales of old Kashmere," but a box of "Pearl of Kashmere."

In many homes there is a considerable amount of wasted monetary value in the shape of discarded jewellery, unused (perhaps, because duplicated) presents, and other valuable objects lying idle for various reasons. Why keep them to gather further dust and grime? So ask Messrs. R. D. and J. B. Fraser, of Princes Street, Ipswich, an old-established firm, who are prepared to make an offer for such articles.

Wherever tobacco is smoked and books are read in the British Empire, the fame of "Craven" Mixture and of Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine" is firmly established. "Craven" inspired Mr. Barrie to

immortalise it under the name of "Arcadia" Mixture, and it will, therefore, be good news to those smokers who favour a particularly mild tobacco to learn that "Craven" is now produced in a milder grade as "Craven Extra Mild." All the goodness of the tobacco is fully developed, and at the same time, by a new special process (the invention of Mr. Bernhard Baron, managing director of Carreras, Ltd.), all crudeness and harshness of taste have been eliminated.

The importance of drinking pure water (neat or otherwise) cannot be overestimated. In this connection it should be noted that H.M.S. *Medina* was fitted with "Berkefeld" Pressure Filters for the purification of the drinking water during their Majesties' voyage to India.

Two pleasure cruises to the West Indies of especial interest are being arranged by the White Star Line for the coming winter. The *Laurentic*, the popular and well-appointed ship usually employed in the Company's Canadian Service (and the largest steamer employed on the St. Lawrence route), is to be detached for the purpose, her starting-point being New York. She is to leave that city on Jan. 20 and Feb. 24. Each cruise will occupy some thirty-one days. The ports of call will be in Cuba and many other West Indian islands, and the Spanish Main will also be touched at several points. For the first trip of the *Laurentic*, the connecting steamer from Southampton will be the world-famous *Olympic*, the largest vessel afloat, which is to sail on Jan. 10. The *Olympic* will also bring home British tourists who have undertaken the cruise by the *Laurentic*.

## Why suffer From Skin-illness?



J. L. T., of Hove, writes:—  
"Antexema cured my hands  
after I had been unsuccessful-  
ly treated by a doctor and  
by a specialist."

**S**KIN troubles are in many instances disfiguring and humiliating, and in all cases are irritating and annoying. Consequently, everyone dreads skin complaints, and the one thing you ask for, if a skin sufferer, is a remedy that will restore your skin to perfect health, comfort, and beauty. That is why you should know about the Antexema treatment. When it is realised that this treatment is equally successful in every type of skin trouble, however long continued, and is so very simple, successful, and can be adopted without interference with your comfort or occupation, the question is, "Why suffer from skin illness?"

**Remember! You can be cured** by adopting the Antexema treatment, and tens of thousands bear witness to this fact. Eczema, eruptions, blackheads, pimples, bad legs, rashes of every description, and all the myriad forms of skin illness are cured by Antexema. It does not matter how severe the trouble is, how long it has lasted, or how unsuccessful you may hitherto have been in gaining relief. You can commence the Antexema treatment with perfect confidence of a complete and permanent cure.

Every day you delay beginning the Antexema treatment you are enduring unnecessary annoyance and discomfort. Take your cure in hand at once, eradicate your skin illness, and have a clear, healthy skin. If your skin is unhealthy use Antexema and prove its healing and curative powers. Do this once and you will need no more persuasion. You will

know that every claim made for Antexema fails to do justice to its actual merits. There ought not to be a single skin sufferer ignorant of this magnificent remedy. Do you know about Antexema? Do you realise that it will cure every form of skin complaint? Have you any skin trouble? Finally, have you tried Antexema? If not, prove its virtues immediately by accepting the

### Offer of a Free Trial.

Sufferers unable to sleep properly for months owing to intolerable irritation, have got rid of their skin trouble and are now able to attend to their daily business in comfort, and to enjoy restful sleep at night. As soon as Antexema touches the irritating place, all discomfort and annoyance fly away as if by magic.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to any Chemist or Stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Stores, Lewis and Burrows' supply it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

All who wish to prove the virtue of Antexema beforehand are invited to do so. Send three penny stamps for booklet, "Skin Troubles," and mention "THE SKETCH," and there will also be sent with it a generous Free Trial of Antexema, Antexema Soap, and Antexema Granules. Send to-day to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.



Gunner J. S., of Cahir Camp, writes:—"I had a fearful rash all over neck and face. I used various things, but got no benefit till I used Antexema. It cured me in ten days."

## COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

36 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

**INSURANCE TICKET.** (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

November 22 1911

Signature .....